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TITIAN.

A ROMANCE OF VENICE.

BY

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

"Che non avea creduto che l'arte potesse giungere a tanto, e che solo Tiziano era degno del nome di Pittore."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TITIAN.

CHAPTER I.

D'ALVAINE'S TRIUMPH IN THE BUCENTAUR.

A dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

BYRON.

THE Emperor Maximilian was unable to carry on, in person, the war he had successfully commenced in Friuli. Leaving orders for his troops to proceed towards the Trevisan, (which, in fact, would bring them closer to Venice), he hurried back to Inspruck, to pawn his jewels and use his very scanty credit, in order to raise

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money for the payment of his troops. Meanwhile, on the first intimation of his irruption, D'Alvaine hastened to Friuli—found the Imperialists in the Valley of Cadore—seized the mountain-passes, by which alone they could retreat—forced them, in very desperation, to risk a contest—and, after a battle which continued some hours, so signally defeated them, that Navagero doubted whether a single one of Maximilian's soldiers escaped with life. Of that victory, one of the most decisive in the annals of Venice, Titian was an eye-witness, and fifteen years after, it became the subject of one of his most eminent paintings, at the command of the Seigniory.

The progress of D'Alvaine, from the victory of that day, was marked by a rapid succession of the most brilliant achievements. He recaptured the Castle of Cadore—recovered Portonavone and Cremonza—carried the town of Goritz, after a few days' siege—became master of Trieste, the Emperor's principal port in the Adriatic — followed up his success by the

capture of Portonone, and the burning of Fiume, in Croatia—and passing by the Alps, took Possonia, a town on the borders of Hungary. While sustaining such reverses, Maximilian was traversing Germany, in the vain attempt to raise money for the prosecution of the struggle. The Venetians were inclined to carry the war into Germany, but Trivulzio, who commanded the French auxiliaries, knew that his master wished to conciliate rather than irritate the Emperor, and declined undertaking more than was necessary for the defence of the Venetians. At last, Maximilian proposed a truce with Venice, and after some negociation the Seigniory acceded to it.* This ended the

* In the first instance, Venice declined treating for peace separately from her ally, the French King. He broke off the negociation, by insisting that the Duc of Gueldres, (a minor power with whom Venice had neither connexion nor community of interests), should be included. Upon this, Venice made a three years' truce with the Emperor—wishing to put an end to a war which was wholly confined to their own dominions, and to establish themselves in possession of the towns conquered for them by D'Alvaine. The truce was agreed to on April 20, 1508, and was immediately ratified by the two contracting parties.

war. Petigliano returned to Venice, thanked, rather coldly, for his services during the campaign, while for D'Alvaine was reserved the very eminent but unusual honour of a triumphal reception in the Bucentaur—an honour hitherto reserved, with very rare exceptions, for Princes.

There are a great many holidays observed throughout Italy, but in Venice, besides these religious solemnities, several political festivals were celebrated with considerable pomp, to perpetuate national traditions of which the people had become proud, or to preserve the memory of glorious deeds. None was attended with greater eclat than the bridal of the Adriatic, and the triumphs achieved by D'Alvaine, were considered worthy a public testimony, of which that festival should furnish the precedent. Nor could it have taken place more opportunely than on the Anniversary of St. Mark, (supposed to be the especial patron of Venice), amid the rejoicings of Easter week, and only five days after the truce was con-

cluded between the Seigniory and the Emperor.

Early in the morning of St. Mark's day, the discharge of cannon from the Arsenal, and the ringing of the bells in the six *sestieri*, or wards of the city, gave the expected signal for the Bucentaur to be towed to the quay in front of the Ducal palace. The Bucentaur, as is generally known, was a galleas of great size, blazing with gold, rich in carvings, exquisitely painted, elaborately inlaid, profusely ornamented, and of antiquity coeval, at least, with the donation of the Sovereignty of the Adriatic from Pope Alexander III to the Doge Sebastiano Ziani, under whom the Venetian fleet had signally defeated that of the Emperor Frederick I, the most constant, unrelenting, and better enemy that Pontiff ever had.* Others,

* This was in 1177, and the naval fight took place off the Istrian coast. Otho, the Emperor's son, commanded the Imperial fleet, and was among the prisoners. On the return of Ziani, the Pope received him at the Lido, and presented

more anxious to shew the antiquity of the custom, than strictly to adhere to fact, affected to fix a much earlier date for it, and stated that traces of it could be found in Dandolo's Chronicle, under the reign of Pietro Urseoli II, towards the close of the tenth century. The vessel which was first made use of when this ceremony was instituted, is said to have borne the figure of a Centaur in the stern, and the prefix of the particle *Bu*—signifying Great, in the Venetian dialect of the time—was added, to distinguish the vessel subsequently employed

him with a golden ring. "Take this ring," said he, "and take with it, on my authority, the Sea as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband!" The origin of this ceremony was questioned only once by a future Pontiff. In 1510, Julius II asked Jerome Donati, the Venetian Ambassador, where this grant of Pope Alexander's was to be found. "It is written," was the reply, "on the back of the Donation of Constantine." The arms carried by Ziani at the battle in which Otho was captured, were preserved in the Arsenal for more than six hundred years.

for this purpose, into which a considerable portion of the first boat had been worked up, was kept in perpetual repair, from year to year, from age to age, so as to preserve a fanciful identity with the original fabric. It carried the Doge and his Clarissimi, upon Ascension day in each year, to marry the sea—by the throwing of a golden ring into the Adriatic. These figurative nuptials were annually renewed, with exceeding splendour, for more than six hundred years, until 1797, when Napoleon's fiat —"The Republic has lived"*—terminated the existence of the State, and was followed by the Golden Book of Venice being burned, and the Bucentaur being broken up. Except upon the one day in each year, the Bucentaur was rarely brought out, but was carefully kept under cover in the Arsenal, whose workmen had the exclusive right of forming its crew of rowers, while

* Napoleon's letter to Bourrienne has the words, "Sois tranquille, ces coquins-là me la paieront; *leur République a vécu.*

their Admiral's highest prerogative was that of officiating as Pilot.

While, with much pomp, this "Vessel of the State" was in progress from the Arsenal to the quay of the Ducal Palace, the Doge and the officials who were to take part in the ceremonial, proceeded to the Basilica of St. Mark,* where high mass was performed by the Primicerio, or Patriarch of Venice. They then returned to the Palace, where refreshments and wine were partaken of, and whence they were summoned by the shouts of the populace, the swell of martial music, and the deep boom of the culverins, announcing that the Bucentaur had dropped anchor, and was now close to the quay. The procession was immediately formed in the Sala del Gran Consiglio, (or Senate-house), and went, in order, down the Giant's Stairs.

* The Church of St. Mark was properly only the Doge's Chapel. The Patriarchal church, or cathedral, was St. Peter di Castello, in the island adjoining the Arsenal.

A body of ushers, habited in cassocks and robes of purple damask, led the way, followed by eight of the clergy of St. Mark's, in full pontificals. Then came the *Bidelli*, or beadles of the Palace, eight of whom bore embroidered banners—two of which were blue, two of them white, two of violet, and two of red. The precedency of these banners indicated whether the Republic was at peace or war. On this occasion, those of blue were borne first, to denote that the State had recently ratified a truce—those of white and violet, figurative of peace and leagues, came next; while the banners of red, emblematic of war, were borne last. The other six *Bidelli* followed, playing upon long trumpets of silver, and accompanied by six hautboy-players. The two Chancellors of the Doge, in violet robes, came next—the Ducal equerries, two and two, in dark gowns—the *Capitano grande* and the Master of the Ceremonies, in state dresses of crimson damask—eight captains of the Sbirri or police, each with a short dagger in his girdle, to mark his authority—the four Secretaries of the Senate,

in violet-coloured robes and velvet stoles; and Andrea Franceschi, the Grand Chancellor, dressed in royal purple, and followed by the younger Senators, in their rich and flowing state garb. Two equerries came after, one of whom bore a chair of state, covered with cloth of gold, with arms, but without any back, while the other carried a cushion or foot stool, of the same rich material. Then came a lighted wax-taper in a beautiful golden candlestick, held aloft by a child, supported by one of the clerks of the chapel, immediately preceding the Doge, Leonardo Loredano, who walked between the Papal Nuncio and the French ambassador. Formerly the envoy from Spain had the honour of thus supporting the Doge, but the Seigniory having once permitted the representative of France to take precedency, the Court of Spain had strictly forbidden its ambassador to assist at any public ceremony in Venice. The other ambassadors walked immediately after the Doge, each wearing his hat, as the representative of Sovereignty.

The attire of the Doge was so particularly

magnificent that it may merit a passing notice. It consisted of a robe of cloth of gold (with close sleeves, and was fastened down the breast with about a dozen very large buttons of solid gold), reaching to the ground. Across his shoulders was thrown a large cloak of crimson velvet, faced and partially lined with ermine, over which was a deep cape of the same rich fur, on the front of which were also placed massy and richly chased golden buttons. The length of the Ducal cloak formed a train which was borne by two pages. A broad girdle, rich with jewels, was around his waist, outside his robe or gown. His slippers were of silk, richly embroidered, (hence, they were frequently spoken of as "the painted slippers,") and were fastened with golden buttons. A coif of fine lawn covered his white hair, and over this was worn the Cap of Estate, made of crimson velvet, closed like a regal crown, with golden semicircles crossing each other, and studded with a great number of precious stones, of extraordinary size. The richest part was the golden

circlet, which went round the head, and had a large ruby in front, encompassed with a row of pearls, shaped like pears, and as large as hazel nuts. This circlet rose behind to the height of several inches, in the form of a horn, and projected in front—hence, the Ducal cap was called Il Corno, and was generally alluded to in conversation, as "The Horned Bonnet." This Corno was never raised from the Doge's head, except at the moment the Host was elevated, or when he received a visit from a Prince of blood royal or a Cardinal.

An equerry held over the Doge's head, a large parasol or umbrella of gold brocade, richly fringed with silk. The Ambassadors, who followed the Prince, walked two and two, taking precedency according to the dates of their respective appointments. The six Councillors of State, in purple robes, came next. A man in armour carried the diamond-hilted sword of state—the scabbard of crimson velvet, partly covered with plates of fretted gold, being borne separately. This sword was carried *behind*

the Doge and immediately *before* the Senate, to intimate that, with the latter rested the chief power of the Executive. The elder members of the Senate came next, in crimson robes —such of the nobles as had been ambassadors forming the foremost ranks, and wearing golden buckles to their girdles, with stoles of cloth of gold, thrown over the left shoulder and reaching down to the knees. They were called Knights of the Golden Stole—but as the custom was that the honour of knighthood should be conferred upon them by the monarchs to whose courts they might be sent, they were Spanish, German, French, or English, rather than Venetian knights. The members of the only Orders peculiar to Venice, appeared in their proper insignia—the Knights of St. Mark wore their collars of gold, from which was pendant a golden medal, having on one side the winged lion, holding a drawn sword and open book, and on the reverse the image of St. Mark delivering a standard to the effigy of the reigning Doge. The Knights of the infe-

rior Order of De la Calza wore red scarves, from which hung their ensign, a sun upon a shield.

The procession was closed by the three *Capi di quarantie*—the five Sages from Terra Firma—the three heads of the Council of Ten—the two Censors—the five Sages of the orders—the two Avogadori—and the remainder of the nobles. The cavalcade, thus formed, passed through the thronging thousands in the Piazzetta, and proceeded to the quay which faced the sea-front of the Palace, while, as the splendid line extended itself, the air was

> Vocal with joy;
> No window or balcony but adorned
> With hangings of rich texture; not a roof
> But covered with beholders.

It was of such a procession that Goethe said, it seemed like an ancient piece of tapestry put into motion.

On the quay, opposite the Guidecca, and in front of the seaward façade of the Ducal Palace, were arranged seats for the Doge, and a few of

his Clarissimi. Here they awaited the return of a messenger, suitably attended by an armed guard, who had been despatched to the Treasury of St. Mark's Church for the famous manuscript of St. Mark's Gospel, (said to have been a copy from the pen of that holy Evangelist himself), which was there preserved as one of the articles of antiquity most prized by Venice, and held in such especial reverence, that the hand of a stranger was never allowed to touch it. This precious manuscript, said to have been written on palm-leaves, was preserved in a box of silver-gilt, in form of a book, and was brought from the Church with all the veneration due to so holy a relic. Every head was uncovered as it passed along, and when it was placed on a small table by the side of the Doge, that Prince saluted it by touching his Horned Cap.

Now, at the call of a trumpet, the rowers of the Bucentaur came forth. These were forty of the strongest and most active among the three thousand *arsenalotti*, or artificers of the arsenal, and were considered honoured above

their fellows in being entrusted with the precious charge about to be confided to them. At their head stood the Master, or Intendant of the works of the Arsenal, who, by virtue of his office, bore the name of Admiral of the Bucentaur, and performed the duties of Pilot-Royal of the Seigniory whenever this stately vessel was used. He wore a robe of red satin, and a cap of violet damask, with broad gold edging. Advancing to the seat occupied by the Doge, he knelt down, and, placing his right hand upon the sacred Gospel of St. Mark, repeated a solemn oath, after the Patriarch, that he would bring back the Bucentaur to the place she now occupied, in despite of winds or tides—tempests or hurricanes. This oath was renewed, with the same solemn pomp, each time that the Bucentaur was taken beyond the canals, and might be considered rather an exacting one, were it not that as the Admiral was answerable, with his head, for the safe return of the Bucentaur, he was allowed to postpone the embarkation to a future day, whenever he had cause to think that the voy-

age would be endangered by adverse weather. Instances are on record where the fête of the Bucentaur was necessarily postponed for six days. After the Admiral was sworn, the Gospel was carried back to the Church, with the same imposing pomp as before, and preparations for embarkation were rapidly made.

Along the deck, and running the whole length of the Bucentaur, was a raised roof, carved and gilt in the richest manner, and supported by a great many gilt statues, all around and down the centre, from one end of the vessel to the other—so that two separate galleries were thus formed, by the division, with benches upon each side. The Doge took his seat in the middle of the poop, upon a chair of state, raised a few inches higher than any other. Upon his right and left, were ranged the Ambassadors, together with the Council, and the Heads of the Criminal Quarantie. The rest of the company, (which included all the principal officials, as well as many distinguished citizens and strangers), occupied the benches

along the sides of the double gallery we have named. A canopy and curtains of crimson damask, with a deep gold fringe, covered the roof and sides of this gallery. Upon the poop, was placed the great standard of St. Mark—bearing the arms of Venice, which were a Golden Lion in a field of *azure:* the lion winged and *sejant, or,* sitting, (to use the language of heraldry), and holding out in his two front claws a book open, *argent.* The emblazonry was of gold upon a blood-red ground. The silver trumpets, the hautboys, and the eight embroidered banners of blue, white, violet and red were placed on the prow. The lighted taper, the canopy, the chair of state, the foot-stool, and the banners could only be used in the presence of the Doge, and were accorded, in 1177, as symbols of sovereign power, by the gratitude of Pope Alexander, when, in the vestibule of St. Mark's, through the aid of Venice, the insults and wrongs of twenty years were atoned for by public submission of the Emperor Frederick; but the use of the golden sword, the jewelled girdle, and the *cornu* of the Ducal cap

was granted by Pope Nicolas, as late as the year 1453 (after he had crowned the Emperor Frederick III, at Rome), and were first worn by the ill-fated Foscari, on the day that peace was proclaimed between Venice and Alfonso, King of Naples.*

* The habits of the Doge and his Clarissimi differed upon different occasions, but the above description is correct as to the costume worn at the Bridal of the Adriatic, and the most solemn, as well as the most gorgeous displays of Ducal State. On purely religious celebrations, the Doge wore white or cloth of silver robes. The ruby in the *Corno* was valued at 200,000 crowns. In 1574, (the year before Titian died), Henry III visited Venice, on his returning from Poland to take possession of the French throne. He presented the Seigniory with a thick, bright diamond, which was placed on the summit of the *Corno*. The Doge was privileged to use the footstool covered with cloth of gold, even in the Pontifical Chapel. Pope Alexander also permitted Ziani and his successors, in imitation of the Holy See, to affix a leaden, instead of a waxen seal, to all documents which received his sign manual, (*ut Veneti Senatus gravitatem in Diplomatibus prædicaret*), that they might evince the *weight* of the Venetian Senate! The sword of state, according to M. de Blainville, was "a badge of the dignity of first equerry of the Eastern empire, with which the Emperor Michael invested the Doge Peter Gradenigo;" but Sabellico writes: "Fuit annus ille non solum religione insignis, sed Fœderici quoque Imperatoris et Leonoræ conjugis in Italiam accessu—quos

A vast number of galleys, galliots, pinnaces, and barques, with many thousand gondolas, covered the Grand Canal and the adjacent expanse of the Lagunes. Above them all, like a magnifico, towered the vast height of the Bucentaur, and nothing approached, even remotely, to equal the bravery of its rich and magnificent adornment, which almost vied with the poet's imagining of that gorgeous barge in which the peerless Cleopatra floated down the Cydnus! Loud was the shout which arose, from nearly two hundred thousand voices, when the wife, daughters, and only son of D'Alvaine went on board of the Bucentaur,

Nicolaus Pontifex in Augustissimo divi Petri templo Imperatoria corona insignivit. Sunt eo quoque anno Veneti ab eodem Pontifice *aurato ense, balteo, pileoque donati.* Nicolaus Canalis, qui apud illum publico nomine tunc erat, munera domum attulit; quæ eo die quo pax publicata est, solemni pompa sunt circa Principem conspecta."—SABELLICO, Lib. vii, Decad. iii, p. 839. It must be remembered that Sabellico wrote his eloquent *Historia Rerum Venetiarum* under the patronage and at the instance of the Senate, and if he *could* have referred the grant of the sword, girdle and cornu to a couple of centuries earlier, would probably have done so.

accompanied by twelve maidens from the electoral families—the nobles lineally descended from the founders of the Republic, that is, from the twelve tribunes who chose the first Doge, in 697. The moment that these ladies had taken the seats reserved for them near the Doge, at whose side the younger D'Alvaine was permitted to stand, the signal was given that all was ready, and the crew—twenty on each side, sitting beneath the deck—commenced rowing, gave motion to the mighty vessel, and slowly urged her through the foaming waves, amid the booming noise of cannon, the burst of triumphal music, and the glad shouts from thousands and tens of thousands of spectators, on sea and shore. The Doge of the Nicoloti followed, immediately after the Bucentaur, in a lesser galley, attended by a burlesque court, and with an imitation of the ensigns of authority borne before the Doge of Venice. His progress, if not quite so splendid as that of his more stately and sovereign compeer, was much more lively—as might be judged from

the shouts of laughter which came from the admiring gondolieri, at each stroke of wit which, in the license of the occasion, he levelled at the pageantry of the day.* Four other great gallies followed, in which were ladies, "glistening with gold, purple, and precious stones," attended by the cavaliers whose age was not yet ripe enough to entitle them to a seat or voice in the Senate. Then came six score ganzares and patischermes,† in which (says an old historian) "were the common citizens, who did strive to exceed each other in braverié. The whole citie was hung that day

* Venice was cut into two by the Grand Canal. The inhabitants of that division in which is the Ducal palace, were called *Castelani;* those who lived in the other section were the *Nicoloti.* The lower members of these local factions were at perpetual feud. The Doge was always a *Castelano,* from his residence at St. Mark's, and, adds Mr. Stewart Rose, "to put themselves on something like a level with their antagonists, the *Nicoloti,* therefore, annually elected a sort of Anti-Doge, and this man, some clever waterman, in his quality of Doge of the *Nicoloti,* had a bark, place, and some sort of authority in the procession formed at the Ascension for the yearly espousals of the Adriatic Sea."—*Letters from the North of Italy.*

† These were vessels of a less size than the gallies.

with cloath of gold, purple, scarlet, and violet colour. In everie place musicall instruments, songs, and sweet voyces were heard, which did in a manner ravish the hearers." Nor was the throng which came on, in all kinds of vessels, solely composed of the citizens of Venice. The news that such a rare holiday was to be, had drawn thousands from the villages and cities of Lombardy, as well as from Istria, Dalmatia, and the other provinces bordering the Adriatic.

The Bucentaur was rowed out into the Gulf, nearly a league beyond the Lido—to the wonted place, in fact, where, first scattering an offering of flowers upon the waves,* the Doge was annually accustomed to cast a golden ring into the sea, as a figurative assertion of that sovereignty which Venice proudly claimed, and

* The custom prevailed among the Syracusans of annually casting into the sea a vase filled with perfumes, to propitiate the Divinity of the waters.—The Venetian custom reminds one of Æneas

"Stans procul in prorâ, pateram tenet, extaque salsos
Porricit in fluctus, ac vina liquentia fundit."

had maintained for so long a time. The ring was typical of the marriage, and by the strewing of flowers and fragrant herbs, was conveyed the fanciful idea that thus the Bride was crowned. When this point had been reached, the anchor was dropped, and presently came up the war-galley from Trieste, conveying D'Alvaine, Cornaro, and some of the gallant soldiers who had made new conquests for the State. Loud acclamations hailed the arrival of the triumphant General, as he passed from his galley to the Bucentaur, where the welcome surprise awaited him, of meeting his family. After listening to a complimentary oration from the Grand Chancellor, to which D'Alvaine returned a suitable reply, the Admiral had the anchor raised, and turned the Bucentaur back to the Lido, where the Ducal company disembarked to hear a *Te Deum* in the Church of St. Nicholas, in honour of the recent success which had crowned the Venetian arms with additional glory.

When the Doge and his company re-em-

barked, under a salute of artillery from the Castle of the Lido and all the vessels on the roads, echoed by a discharge from the Arsenal, the Bucentaur was rowed back to Venice, with the same attendance as before. The rowers were accustomed, during such a cruise, to sing a chorus in the old Venetian dialect which had passed from father to son, and, retaining the traditionary verses, it was usual to introduce, as the occasion might warrant, stanzas complimentary to the reigning Doges or the Princes who might accompany them. The chaunt was sung by the forty oarsmen on the outward and return cruise. On this occasion, the merits of the Doge and the valour of the General suggested some compliments, and the song, now unintelligible in the original dialect might run thus in English :—

THE BRIDAL OF THE ADRIATIC.

Revelry's quick pulse is bounding.
Music's voice through Venice sounding,
Thousands upon thousands gather—
Youth and age, the child and father—

As, in storms, the fleet clouds come, or
The murmuring bees in Summer.
'Tis a festal day, and—hark !
Shouts of triumph for St. Mark !

Now, 'mid martial clarions swelling,
Kerchiefs wave from every dwelling.
Now comes on the Sea-queen's glory,
Aye time-memoried in story—
Long before Ziani's daring
Humbled Otho's haughty bearing
And the people answer ;—hark—
" Praise and honour to St. Mark !"

Flags from every window streaming—
Joy on Beauty's features beaming—
Love from many a bright eye glancing
For the gallant troops advancing ;—
Victors they o'er proud Almaine
'Neath our conquering D'Alvaine ;
Thousands swell the chorus—hark,
" Joy and conquest for St. Mark !"

Now, upon the billows dancing,
See the Bucentaur advancing—
Culverins booming, trumpets sounding,
Joy in every heart abounding !
Now the proa gains the barrier,
Now embarks each steel-clad warrior
'Mid the hail of thousands—hark,
"Venice conquers 'neath St. Mark !"

Now, the Bucentaur is riding
Through her vassal-waves, and, gliding
Round her, barques in stately motion
As if each would rule the ocean—
She, 'mid bursts of music festal,
Leaves in pride the mural vestal,
While the echo rises—hark,
"High dominion to St. Mark !"

Through the long lagunes on-dashing,
Forty oars like one are flashing,
To the music motion keeping—
Forward is the pageant sweeping,
Till it pass the Lido's fort,
At the entrance of the port,
Louder then they hail it—hark,
" Pride and honour to St. Mark !"

Now the music's sound rejoices,
Piercing through ten thousand voices—
Now, that sound deep awe is hushing,
While the words of prayer are gushing,
'Ere our Venice—proud in beauty—
To her sea-spouse plights her duty;
Then the people hail her—hark,
" God for Venice and St. Mark !"

First, a silence hushed and deep
As broods o'er an infant's sleep—
Then a shout, (as loud and pealing
As the troubled air is feeling

At the burst of a volcano)
For the good Doge, Loredano :
How the echoes swell it—hark,
" Fame and honour to St. Mark !"

Now the Ducal bridegroom, blessing
God for promised and possessing
By the first of Ocean's daughters,
Casts the ring in Adria's waters—
As a pledge, from shore to sea,
Of the City's sov'ranty ;
And the thousands note it—hark,
" Long dominion to St. Mark !"

Given is the espousal token—
And the nuptial words are spoken—
And the glad shout swells to heaven,
Loud as every voice were seven—
And again the answering echo,
From Murano to Guidecca,
Pealing through the azure.—Hark,
"Long dominion to St. Mark !"

Sweeping by each subject islet,
With our Admiral's self as pilot—
Steering through the pride-elated,
And with Doge and Nobles freighted—
Now the Bucentaur is speeding
Home, amid this joy exceeding,
Welcome plaudits hail the barque—
" Venice conquers 'neath St. Mark !"

Pennons waving—music sounding—
Joy in every heart abounding—
Now the deep-voiced cannon greet her—
Now the thronging gallies meet her—
Now they join the pageant splendid—
Now she anchors.—All is ended,
But the closing echo—hark,
" Honour ever to St. Mark!"

By the time this chaunt was concluded, the Bucentaur was again close by the quay of the Ducal Palace. The goodly company landed, and a special and thronged meeting of the Great Council immediately was held. There, the *Libro d'Oro* was produced, in order that D'Alvaine might have his name inscribed therein—he having been created a noble of Venice, in acknowledgment of his late eminent services. At the same time, that he might not lack the means of supporting this accession of dignity—the greatest that Venice could confer—the Seigniory made him a grant of Pordonone, in the scene of his late successes, as a fief.

After this, the Doge gave a grand entertainment to him and the other Nobles, while Cor-

naro (the Proveditor who had shared D'Alvaine's labours and triumph), entertained all comers in a magnificent manner, in his own palace. The rabble amused themselves with witnessing a combat in which the Nicoloti and Castelani (two hundred champions on each side) contested the possession of the Bridge of St. Barnaba, with no other arms than those which Nature had given them. It was a source of infinite delight for the spectators to see the frequent overthrows of the combatants into the Canal below! At length, victory declared on the side of the Nicoloti, who won and retained possession of the bridge, amid the acclamations of the mob, who felt especial pleasure in these contests. This done, there was a regatta, a boat race on the Grand Canal, which had scarcely been decided, when illuminations and fireworks in the Piazza summoned all to the commencement of a masquerade, while, to prevent the disaffected cry of "Pane in piazza," provisions and wine were served out abundantly in the Piazzetta to all who would partake of them.

The festivities were prolonged until the dawn of the following morning, and thus closed a day most satisfactory to the Venetians' known love of mirth and magnificence—most proud for D'Alvaine. But the rejoicings which then commenced were kept up for a week—for where were there stauncher followers of pleasure than in Venice!—stage spectacles, satirical buffooneries, and ludicrous caricatures, directed against the defeat and even the poverty of the Emperor Maximilian, mightily gratifying the populace.* All appeared triumph for the Seigniory, honour for D'Alvaine, and joy for

* It was the policy of the State to keep the citizens in good humour by frequent festivals. Daru says (*Histoire de Venise Livre* xxxix, *Sect.* 14), "Le peuple était gouverné avec douceur, mis à portée de satisfaire facilement à ses besoins; en un mot, assez heureux, et même agréablement distrait par des fêtes, des spectacles, qu'un gouvernement, grave d'ailleurs, mais qui avait des vues d'édilité prenait soin de multiplier. *** La maxime de ce gouvernement relativement à la classe populaire, était *pane in piazza, giustizia in palazzo*, pain au marché, justice au palais. Il n'oubliait pas qu'une population nombreuse, pétulante, a besoin d'être occupée, et qu'ordinairement elle tient plus de compte du soin qu'on prend de ses plaisirs, que des concessions faites à son indépendance."

the people; but the marked insult, faithfully reported to Maximilian, sank deep into his heart, and soon wrought a retribution so heavy, that Venice was nearly crushed by it. But we must not anticipate, nor need we do more than glance at such details as immediately bear upon our subject, as we are not writing History, but Romance.

CHAPTER II.

PROPOSALS—CONFESSION—AND A BRIDAL.

We pledged our hearts, my love and I.
COLERIDGE.

A FEW weeks passed on, and then came that flower of the year, "the merrie month of May," as the old poets loved to call it—so let the epithet remain, at once appropriate, alliterative and antique! The bright month—the beautiful—the bounteous. For May is the lovely herald of the Summer; or rather the connecting link between the freshness of Spring and the sweetness of Summer. Were this gem to drop from the carcanet of Time, how dull and

grief-worn would Nature be—like a mother who sits with clasped hands and tearful eyes, by the grave of her loveliest,

And weeps the more, because she weeps in vain!

Even while I write, the freshness of May glances across my cheek and breathes a new impulse into my spirit—such as, when hope and heart were young, might once have burst into Song. For truly, of all the months, this is the month for poetry. Even the village hind, whose feelings seldom rise above a dull level, unconsciously utters poetry when, as his fair one keeps her tryst, in the dusky eventide, beneath the leafy tree, he welcomes her with warm kisses on her unreluctant lips, and gallantly tells her that she is "welcome as the flowers in May!" And oh, it *is* a witching month—for as the blossoms unfold beneath its smiles, so does the spirit expand in its promise, with a double zest for the lovely and the loveable. For now the sky is calm and beautiful as a song-lulled infant; the wind plays the

coquette with the green leaves as it whispers to them; the flowers steal forth, one by one, like timid beauties; the pale primrose, the golden crocus, the rich auricula, the bright polyanthus, the pied daisy, the white cistus, the myriad blossoms on the fruit trees making the air odorous with the blending of all rich perfumes, and the modest violet shrinking from view and (like breathing beauty in the world of life) the more quested for that very retirement. Then too, the dew, bathing the flowers with freshness—that dew which, if caught in the first break of morn, ere it can re-ascend to the skies whence it came, has the magical power, like the cestus of Venus, of increasing beauty! He who will may fancy other months, but lovely May for me, for wound up with it is the love of nature which is the very life of poetry. The genial season!—with its varying hues of loveliness, its gladness and its glory, the air-borne music of the birds, the gentle sunshine—from such pleasant influences comes the best of poetry. Not such as owes its value

to its elaborateness—as, by skilful workmanship, steel may be wrought into articles more precious than an equal weight of gold—but Song, the spontaneous and the passionate, which blends the ideal of fancy with the real of experience, and lo! the product is immortal.

The middle of May had arrived, finding the Count Petigliano nearly recovered from a severe illness, (the fruit of his recent winter campaign), which attacking him immediately after his return to Venice, had prevented his attendance at the gorgeous pageant which welcomed back the triumphant D'Alvaine. To that pageant, his daughter and niece had been invited by the Doge; but while Amicia pleaded hard and pleaded successfully that her attendance might be excused, as she wished to remain by her father's couch of sickness, it was the Count's desire that one, at least, of his family should be present. In compliance with this desire, Beatrice accompanied the ladies of the noble house of Grimani, upon St. Mark's day, and, with them, beheld the

whole spectacle, which would have infinitely pleased her, had the object of all that splendour been any other than D'Alvaine, her uncle's rival. So natural is it even for a high mind involuntarily to adopt the prejudices of those whom it loves and reverences.

One misfortune resulting from her presence at the triumphant reception of D'Alvaine was that it subjected her to the addresses of almost the last person by whom the Count could have wished her to be noticed. Beatrice had remained for the festive party given at the Grimani palace, on the evening of what might emphatically be called "the Day of D'Alvaine," and a young cavalier, attracted by that intellectual expression of countenance of which we have already spoken, continued by her side, during the greater part of her stay, paying her the attentions Youth ever delights to extend to Beauty, and engaging her in conversation to the best of his ability. Of this cavalier Beatrice thought not at all, once that the festival was over. She had merely danced with him and listened

to his words of courtesy. She returned to her home-duties without any regret that she did not more frequently mingle in such scenes of gaiety. The cavalier, however, was moved by that grace which, in her, supplied or augmented loveliness, and by the winning and natural deportment which differed so much and so agreeably from the more formal and artificial manners of those who had mingled in Venetian society more than she had.

The ruling power in Venice was that of the great and irresponsible State Inquisition—the secret Council of Three, in whose hands the Doge, once supreme, was reduced to little more than a crowned cypher. This Council was that famous *imperium in imperio*, whose fiat was law wherever the banner of St. Mark floated. The organization of this mysterious tribunal—which usurped all the executive powers—was the latest bond that had been forged for that Republic, and human ingenuity never formed a more subtle, a more secret, or a more despotic sway. None knew who were

its members; and in Venice, where neither thought nor tongue was free, none dare inquire. For this tribunal there was nothing too high nor too low. It could equally discuss the policy of a treaty and the ceremonies of a festival—the character of a statesman or a courtesan—the conquest of a province or the bribery of a menial. So secret were its proceedings, that no Secretary officiated at its more private sittings, but one of the Three recorded its decisions, and none but the Three, together, could open the coffer with its treble locks, where this black chronicle was deposited—for they would not trust one another!

It happened that the noble, Carlo Grimani, was as much the friend of D'Alvaine as the laws and customs of the State permitted—the frank soldier little thinking that he was one of the Three. When, therefore, the State Inquisitor learned that D'Alvaine's son (for such was the young cavalier whom we have mentioned) had seen, admired, and wished, yet feared to woo Beatrice di Orsino for his bride, he thought the matter of sufficient importance

to be brought before his colleagues at their next sitting. They agreed to take it up as an affair of state, on the following ground;—it would yet farther attach D'Alvaine to the Seigniory, and it promised to establish a tie between him and Petigliano which would probably prevent the evil effects to be anticipated from their Generals being (as at that time) upon any than the best understanding with each other. It may be considered unlikely that the Three would have thrust their interference into a matter so purely personal as the *penchant* of a cavalier for a maiden—but it was by such minute and inquisitive policy that Venice was ruled, and under such that it flourished!

Grimani was authorized to whisper hope to young D'Alvaine, while another of the Three took upon himself to propose the alliance to Petigliano, a third giving the assurance that *he* would take care to execute another part of the delegation, in which, more than might be known even to himself, the Count was deeply concerned.

The Signore Contarini waited upon Count

Petigliano, and, after a variety of discourse upon indifferent subjects, alluded to Amicia and Beatrice, with a courteous expression of regret at the seclusion in which they lived—although the Count knew as well as he did that the jealousy of Venetian policy would have imperatively enforced this seclusion, if the maidens had not adopted it of their own free will. By an easy transition, he communicated that a cavalier had seen and loved his niece, and, with the sanction of the Council of State, would offer her his hand. "We do not forget our obligations to you, Signore Petigliano, and whenever your daughter or niece may wed, they shall be adopted as daughters of the State, and liberally dowered as such."

"Many thanks, Signore Contarini. The State is most generous. But the Cavalier—"

"The Seigniory is only *just*, in this matter—for it will but discharge part of its debt to you, Signore Petigliano."

"But the cavalier's name?"

"Ah, Signore Petigliano, no one has just

cause to say that St. Mark is ungrateful. It shall be a princely dower."

"But you have not named the Cavalier?"

"True. I had forgotten that. It is the son of Bartholomeo D'Alvaine.

This announcement fell upon the proud heart of Petigliano like a thunder-burst. His agony of indignation was appalling, and moved even the frosted sympathy of the State Inquisitor. Like the Prince—half-man, half-marble—in the Arabian tale, the Venetian Noble might be said to have had a double nature: in the privacy of his home, with sweet faces smiling before him and soft voices whispering around, he had a heart influenced by human affections, stirred by human passions, touched by human agony—but, as a functionary executing high duties under the State, he had to subdue the better principles of his nature, to suppress his feelings as if it were shame to hold them, to act under St. Mark without the interference of one personal thought, motive, or interest—to cast aside,

when a cruel policy demanded, the impulses of common humanity, and be callous as if mental suffering were but a dream, and the end could justify any expedient. Yet, as Signore Contarini watched the hurricane of passion which literally convulsed Petigliano's frame—as he saw his war-beaten cheek flush with deep and stern anger—heard his hot words—and knew how bitter must be the prostration of pride, which thus could unman one whose heart was proverbially said to be unmoved by quick impulses, he could not help regretting that his communication should have awakened such a storm. But the feeling was momentary—the work of the State was to be done, and the Inquisitor subdued his sympathy, by a strong effort.

"I have acquainted you, that the Lady Beatrice, in consideration of her birth and your services, shall be adopted as a daughter of St. Mark.—"

"Our house, Signore—the house of the Or-

sini cannot brook the indignity of an alliance beneath it."

"And the State," continued Contarini, as if he had not been interrupted—"the State shall give a dowry to the maiden, worthy the antiquity of her descent."

"Signore, consider the low birth of D'Alvaine—"

"You will remember, Sir Count, that the Seigniory have ennobled him. His name is now inscribed in the LIBRO D'ORO, in which the heads of many Sovereign houses have felt honoured in having their names writ, and in which, if I remember rightly, yours is not to be found."

"True!" retorted the Count, with bitterness. "The children of our line have no occasion to look for any new honours."

"Fair Sir, would you speak slightingly of St. Mark?—A noble of the Broglio ranks as high as any peer or prince, any potentate or Cæsar, and the proudest in Christendom need

not blush to mate his daughter with a Venetian Noble of the rank now held by D'Alvaine."

"Yet still, Signore Contarini, I do not like, and would avoid this alliance."

"It might be worse. Youth will suitably wed with youth, and, instead of D'Alvaine's son, a cavalier whose years accord with those of your niece, an aged noble of the Broglio might seek her hand. It was the other day that Domenico Thiepolo, with his eighty years, wedded a daughter of Donato, in her fifteenth."

"True," rejoined Petigliano. "And what have a few months witnessed—for even in the solitude of a sick chamber, such intelligence will reach the ear. There is not a ribald tongue in Venice that does not utter foul words—most foul, because most true—about the young matron; there is not a debauched loiterer in the Broglio that does not hint or boast of an easy conquest over her foolish youth. There is not a wanton in the

Piazza who does not take pride in the ruined fame of old Donato's daughter. It is well that the hot Senator, her father, is in his grave, rather than witness this disgrace of his ancient lineage. Before such a fate for child or aught of mine, my sword should drink her heart's blood."

"You speak warmly; but St. Mark would not sanction, and does not propose an espousal which might end like this unhappy one of Thiepolo's. The cavalier is young, the maiden will be happy with him; in a word, the mariage is so recommended that I do not see how it can be avoided. What the State wills, the State can do. If it were the daughter of the Doge whose hand was sought, just now, by the younger D'Alvaine, chafe though the prince might, I doubt not that his scruples would vanish, as I trust yours will."

"At least," urged Petigliano, "let me hope that this matter will not be hurried on.—I am in ill health, Signore, and would fain wait until the return of strength. I confess to you,

that, if I could do it with honour, I would rather quit the service of the State, than see my niece wedded to D'Alvaine."

Such was the conversation between Count Petigliano and the Senator who bore the overture to him on the part of D'Alvaine. The simple recommendation of the Three was equivalent to a command, and all that the Count gained was the favour of a little delay. Where resistance was vain, he could only hope to postpone the evil. Much as he loved Beatrice—and he had been to her as a father—it was now, where there was this chance of seeing her taken from him into the family of a rival whom he disliked, that he felt how very dear to him she was, how very necessary to his happiness. Fully aware that the State would not hesitate at any means to accomplish a desired end, he had simply requested the favour of delay, in the hope that something might occur to prevent an alliance which was as personally disagreeable to himself, as he considered it degrading to his ancestral line. It was necessary, he thought, to acquaint Beatrice with what

had occurred, without any loss of time, to prepare her for the worst, and, on that evening, he briefly related the circumstances of Contarini's mission.

He perceived that she received the intimation with some surprise; but it was apparent that another and more commanding feeling had obtained the mastery over her. What could it be? Was it possible that she did not share his objections to the proposed alliance? She had met young D'Alvaine: could he have made a favourable impression upon her heart?

At length, she replied, "Assure yourself, my dear uncle, that this marriage, which you so much dislike, is not likely to take place. You will tell me, that the Seigniory has the power of doing all that it threatens; it may, in ordinary cases, but it will not, for it *cannot* in this. Tell me frankly, my uncle, whether you would not prefer any alternative, rather than see me the wife of D'Alvaine?"

"If you allude to abandoning the world, and taking refuge in a convent, dismiss that idea, dear Beatrice. The State will not permit you

to do so. If it desire that you become D'Alvaine's bride, it has the power to execute that desire. Flight is as impossible as refusal. I see no alternative; and God knows how willingly I would grasp at any expedient to prevent an alliance, the very thought of which is most painful to me."

"Nay," said Beatrice, with a smile and a blush, "I have not thought of the convent or of flight. I mean that these nuptials must and may be avoided. Even did I wish to wed this young man, I could not do it now."

The Count perceived there was more in this than met the ear, and pressed her to explain what she meant.

"First," said she, "let me ask two questions: were I to wed a foreign cavalier, of ancient lineage and in the fullest confidence of his Sovereign, would you sanction the union? and would you forgive me, if, avoiding the chance of such a compelled alliance as that you have spoken of, I should wed without consult-

ing you? Answer me, dearest uncle, and answer me kindly."

The Count paused a little, and then said—

"More still is here—more than I can fathom. Tell me what you mean. Be assured that anything were better than this hated marriage with D'Alvaine. You speak as if there were something to prevent it: tell me what it is?"

"BECAUSE I AM ALREADY A WIFE!"

She knelt by the couch of her uncle, and rapidly proceeded—

"Hear me.—On the evening of that day when young D'Alvaine first met me, I quitted the Grimani Palace before midnight; and, at one of the altars of St. Mark's Church, gave my hand to one who long had won my heart. It would be a long story to explain how and why I consented to a step I had long resisted; but my resolution fell before the urgent pleadings of my lover; for I had none to advise with, as not even my cousin was in my confidence. Since then, I have often deplored the secrecy

of my marriage; but I am less afflicted at what I have done, now that it so entirely prevents an alliance which would be as distasteful to myself as to you."

"Your husband?"

"For him, my uncle, I have no cause to blush. Wherever science and letters are known or prized, his name is honoured. I am the wife of Henri Cornelius Agrippa, secretary to the Emperor Maximilian."

To describe the utter amazement of the Count at this intelligence, would be impossible. Beatrice had to deal with a kind-hearted man; and whatever indignation he might have felt at the clandestine proceedings in question, we shall not venture to deny that the strongest and more immediate feeling was gratification at the impossibility of the alliance prescribed for her by the State.

"I am the wife of Agrippa," she proudly repeated, when the Count had raised her from the lowly position into which she had thrown herself by his bed-side; "and his lineage is as

honourable as that of any noble house in Germany. He loves me; and my knowledge of your esteem for him, made me hope, my uncle, that you would pardon us, after all."

"My esteem! The girl speaks in riddles. I have honoured the name of Agrippa as that of the most distinguished philosopher of the time, but have never seen the man. Nay, my child, it strikes me with wonder to think how and where you could have met him?"

"True," said she, smilingly; for she saw that the Count's anger had passed away in surprise; "I had forgotten to tell you that Carloni, your secretary, is the same as Agrippa, to whom I now owe the duty of a wife. It is a long story, my uncle; but *your* Carloni is certainly *my* Agrippa."

"Indeed! It is no wonder, then, that he knew so well how to perform all the difficult experiments in my alchemical processes! But where is he now? You have been foolish, my child; but what is done is done; and, after all, I can scarcely be angry with you for having

outwitted the Seigniory, and disappointed D'Alvaine. The ambition of the man!—nothing would suit him but a mate from the eyrie of the Orsini! But where is Agrippa?"

"In one of the dungeons of the Ducal palace. Fear nothing for him. I know that he is there—I, his wife; and you see, however my cheek may blanch, that my heart does not falter. I have abundant confidence in the resources of his mind. We have expected that this would happen, and were prepared to meet it. The Sbirri arrested him, some hours ago, while Signore Contarini was with you, and he was so fortunate as to leave a token by which I knew what had befallen him. Fear not for him;—the Three dare not touch a hair of his head. He is the Emperor's secretary, as they know, and they will not venture to treat him with severity. They have him, but even now they are at a loss how to treat him. They know, also, that you were ignorant of his identity. I doubt not that he will spare them the trouble of confining him. But, whatever

the issue, we must quit Venice; let me not depart, my uncle, without your blessing. Let me be cheered, in my enterprise, by the knowledge that you pardon all that you may deem imprudent in my conduct."

The old man, much affected, kissed the brow of the weeping girl, tenderly assuring her that she had his blessing and his prayers. "But why," said he, "need you quit Venice?"

"I am a wife—of only three weeks' standing, it is true, but sufficiently acquainted with my duties to know that I am bound, by my vows no less than by my affection, to forsake home—kindred—friends, for him to whom I gave those vows and that affection. I believe that Agrippa will escape this present peril. If he does, I must accompany him to Germany; if he does not, he has the certainty that if I his wife, acquaint the Emperor with his situation, the Seigniory will be appealed to, in his behalf, and can scarcely refuse to release him. In any case, he cannot continue in Venice. Whither he goes, I go—his home will be my home—his

God, my God. At present, I doubt whether the Council of Three, who have arrested him, have more than suspicion who he really is. Be that as it may, they may search in vain for him to-morrow. More than this I dare not say, for it is fitting that you should be ignorant of what we contemplate. Bless me, my more than father—bless me, for heaven only knows when we may meet again."

Tender and affectionate was the benediction she received. Ere she parted from the Count, he put in her hands ample store of gold and jewels, with the assurance that she would find use for them, in whatever circumstances she might be placed.

A few hours after, Amicia first learned that her cousin was a wife, and the raillery which, at another time, she might have sported upon the secrecy of the nuptials, she did not utter when she found that Agrippa was in prison. She assisted Beatrice to change her attire for a garb more proper for the step she was next to take. The cousins spent the greater part of

the night in converse, and Amicia's wonder was excited by the altered demeanour of Beatrice. Circumstances had developed her true character, and made her exercise the firmness as well as the tenderness of her mind. In that development there was nothing unwomanly — nothing that could make Amicia desire that it had not taken place. In truth, her character was unchanged. Its dormant elements had been awakened into activity, and the heart was as womanly, as gentle, and as warm as ever;— its moral courage had only been matured and deepened. She was a wife, anxious for the safety of her beloved: the peril had called into action all her energies.

At length, the night drew to a close, and Beatrice, once more, and for the last time, took leave of her uncle. Another long warm kiss to her cousin Amicia, and then she quitted the palazzo. Who could have recognised the beautiful woman in the page who hailed a gondola near the Rialto, and proceeded down the Grand Canal to the Piazzetta?

What will not Woman do, for him she loves! What lofty thought—what patient endurance—what quick witted invention—what self-dedication have not been hers when Circumstances demanded the exercise or the sacrifice! Capricious as she may be in ordinary life—and her sweet caprices are as often the cause of pleasure as of pain—she is constant, faithful, vigilant, whenever she ought to be so. She rises with the occasion. The greater need for service, the greater service can she execute. In health, happiness, prosperity, and triumph, she may appear variable or cold; but in sickness, sorrow, suffering, and trial, she rises superior to all fortune; soothing, aiding, and rescuing whom she loves. To accomplish this, no step is either too high or too low. The empire she governs is the heart; because thus has Nature willed it. Out of man's gloom, comes woman's glory—as the stars which gem the sky are not seen until the darkness of night has overspread the earth. Man was formed of the dust to

which he must return. Woman! the angel of life, had the nobler birth from Man himself. Truly does the French proverb declare that, without her, the commencement of life would be without help, the middle without pleasure, the conclusion without consolation!

CHAPTER III.

ESCAPE FROM THE PIOMBI.

I observed to O'Brien that I was afraid we must now bid farewell to anything like pleasure. 'You are right there, Peter,' replied he, 'but there's a certain jewel called Hope, that somebody found at the bottom of his chest, when it was clean empty, and so we must not lose sight of it, but try and escape as soon as we can.'

PETER SIMPLE.

On the next morning, the Council of Three assembled, and separately reported the result of their proceedings on the previous day. The subject which immediately occupied them was the arrest of Agrippa. Several anonymous notices had been dropped into the Lion's Mouth, in various quarters of the city, drawing the attention of the State to the suspicious circum-

stance of a German's having resided for months in Count Petigliano's dwelling, and hinting at the probable reasons for his having done so. The Three smiled, when they saw how ignorant the accusers were of the fact that the residence of Carloni (or Agrippa, as we may henceforth call him) had been specially sanctioned by the Council of Ten. But there was something in the fact of any such accusation having been made, coupled with information received from certain of the Count's household (who acted as spies for the Seigniory) which urged the Three to place themselves in personal communication with Agrippa, with the view of learning from himself whether he had come to Venice with other views than the alleged and ostensible ones, on which his residence at the Casa Petigliano had been permitted. The point of mystery was, why the Count Petigliano's secretary should not have accompanied him to the field, in the campaign just ended, during which, of course, his services would have been more in requisition than in a time of profound peace

in Venice. Hence, the fact of Agrippa's arrest on the preceding evening. Fortunately, it had been made as he was about entering the palace, so that he was enabled to leave a secret token, as previously arranged between them—namely, the dropping of a flower in the vestibule—by which Beatrice, as we have seen, was aware of the circumstance, and could provide against some of the evils attendant upon it.

The Council of Three having assumed their official robes, next put on the black masks, which, when their sitting was any but most secret, they invariably wore to protect them from recognition. Two attendants, well armed, were placed outside the door of the small and gloomy cabinet in which they assembled, and a secretary took his seat at a desk underneath the three elevated chairs of his superiors. It was only upon such occasions as the examination of prisoners that his services were put into requisition; and so complete was their system of secrecy and mystery, that even he, in whom, of

necessity, much confidence was placed, did not know who the Three were!

The prisoner was summoned, and the Council sate silently awaiting his entry. How tardy it was! More than half an hour had elapsed, and yet he had not made his appearance. The Three became impatient, and he who presided asked the secretary whether the prisoner had certainly been sent for? Before the question had received a reply, a noise was heard outside the door; there was no delay for the usual knock of preparation—no waiting for a formal announcement of entrance—but one of the messengers rushed, breathless with speed and pale with horror, into the Council room.

"Ha! you forget yourself," cried the secretary, marvelling that the conventional proprieties of ceremony should be thus flagrantly violated.

"Pardon, Signore, but the prisoner—"

"Has destroyed himself?" asked one of the Three; such a result not being quite uncommon in the prisons of Venice.

"No, most Excellent—he has escaped!"

It was even so. His cell had been found empty, and the delay had been caused by a vain search for him.

"It must have been through the aid of magic that this was done?" said one of the Three, when the room had been cleared, devoutly crossing himself as he uttered the words.

"Aye," observed Grimani, "you may remember that Esteban, the astrologer, denounced him to us, months ago, as one who was familiar with the occult arts, and was otherwise dangerous."

"For my own part," said Contarini, "I have no doubt that there is magic in the case, and that the talisman is—gold. This must be looked to: it were shame if the prisons lacked security. After all, now that he *is* away, I am not sorry for it. He is not likely to trouble us any more. He will scarcely remain in Venice after this, and we shall thus obtain all that we required from him—his absence. There was little likelihood that the man was dangerous.

I remember there was some talk that Count Petigliano dabbled in Alchemy, making his gold vanish in the smoke of a furnace; and it was to humour that foolish fancy that this youth from Germany was permitted to come hither, and reside with him."

"Here is a curious matter," said Grimani, holding up a slip of paper, "which I found, even now, in the Lion's Mouth, where the secret reports are dropped. One of the spies in the Casa Petagliano, in whom we have every confidence, writes that the Count's niece quitted the dwelling before day-break, and has not returned, and that from what has been overheard, since her departure, of a conversation between the Count and his daughter, there is no doubt that this Carloni, so lately our prisoner, has married the lady!"

"Does it appear that the Count knew of this secret marriage?"

"No. Our information is positive that it took place three weeks ago, and that he was first informed of it last night."

"Beshrew me!" exclaimed the eldest of the three, "but this is a right pleasant jest! To be frank with you, I liked not D'Alvaine's presumption in seeking so soon to strengthen his new nobility, by alliance with a house ancient as that of the Orsini. We must now make the most and the best of circumstances. I would recommend that the Signore Contarini should again, and without loss of time, wait on Count Petigliano, affect ignorance of what we have just learned, and inform him that, to mark its respect for his services, the State withdraws its recommendation that the Signora Beatrice should receive the addresses of young D'Alvaine. We shall thus, if it be adroitly managed, have the merit of a concession which touches the Count's feelings very nearly. It will run hard too, if our colleague, Contarini, do not learn from the Count all the particulars of this private marriage. By my faith, I am glad of it! I like not these new men—whose honours are of yesterday—treading too closely on the heels of the old

nobility; and D'Alvaine deserves the check. Be it mine to break to him and offer my condolence.—A brave girl, by my faith, that niece of the proud old Count—a brave girl!"

"And for the jailer who has allowed the prisoner to escape?"

"Let him feed the fishes in the Canal Orfano!"—With this sentence of doom, pronounced with a smile, the Three concluded their sitting of that day. Yet the lips that, almost laughingly, uttered this death-doom, were bloodless from extreme old age, and the State Inquisitor was one who, in his own family, was kind, affectionate, and beloved. It was in that fatal chamber that the man became a State-engine—thinking, speaking, and acting as if the heart within his bosom were of stone; as if human suffering were a thing of fable, and human life of no value!

Agrippa *had* escaped. Hating all unnecessary mystery, we shall proceed to tell how he had done so.

The Sbirri conveyed him to that part of the

Camerotti, commonly called the Piombi (or lead-chambers), from being situated immediately under the lead-covered roof of the Ducal Palace;—and it is worthy of note, as characteristic of the State, that the Prince and the criminal lived within the same walls.—As Agrippa passed on, one of the attendants opened an iron-bound door.

"The Signore will please to look here?"

Agrippa looked into the recess, and there saw a machine of iron, fastened to the wall. "Here," said the janitor, "here the State punishes those who attempt to escape:—*attempt*, Signore, for to escape is impossible. The prisoner detected in the attempt is placed upon this stool with his back against this iron rest, which, as you may see, half encloses his neck—hence it is called the *monile*. The other half, not thus enclosed, is surrounded by a silken cord, passing through these holes in the beam, and attached to a windlass, until the prisoner is strangled by the revolving of the wheel."

"What! is the mere attempt to recover liberty always punished thus?"

"Corpo di Bacco!" rejoined the jailor, with a grin, "not always, because it might cheat the prisoner out of a heavier doom, and we would not on any account interfere with the execution of justice; or the prisoner might have some disclosures to make, in which case the rack is an especial good refresher of the memory. Yet we have justice here, Signore, even in this matter of the *monile*. For instance, if you should escape, I should have to take a seat in this iron chair, and the necklace and the cord would be at *my* service."

"Then there have been some escapes?"

"I have heard of many *attempts*, Signore—of an escape, never. It is well nigh impossible."

They reached the central chamber of the Camerotti. Isolated from all other prisoners, the occupant of this cell could hear no voice but his own, and the place was admirably calculated to make the mind crazed with the

monotony of suffering. The room was dark even at mid-day, and the sun's rays, acting on the leaden roof, converted the atmosphere into a heat which, as one breathed it was nearly as bad if he had been in one of the forcing-houses at Chatsworth. But the Ducal Palace had dungeons worse than this. If it had cells where the summer-sun burned up the very marrow of the miserable wretches who struggled with existence within them, it also had its winter dungeons, which were always in water, from the sea-spray dashing in through the gratings which supplied these subterraneous excavations with such scanty portions of light and air, as by a subtle calculation, were deemed actually necessary for life. The prisoners who survived the suffocating furnace heat of summer in the Piombi, were transferred, in winter, to the Pozzi, sunk deep below the level of the sea, where, if they did not choose to stand all day in salt water, they should sit upon the tressle which served them also for a bedstead and a table, upon which to take

their scanty allowance of food—which it often was necessary to despatch without loss of time, for fear that their claim to it might be disputed by the huge sea-rats which infested these living tombs. To such a dungeon would Agrippa have been conveyed—although merely a suspected person—but it was now about the summer solstice, during which the tender mercies of the State consigned all prisoners to the Piombi. The extreme heat of these attic prisons was intended to conquer the prisoners' strength of body; the solitude and darkness to subdue their mind.

But, even here, Agrippa's spirit lost none of its elasticity, and was in full vigour and vigilance at a crisis when another man might have despaired. He calculated upon escape—paradoxical as it may appear—from the moment he learned that no one had been known to succeed in the attempt. He thought it likely that no adequate provision had been made against what was considered impossible. Gold, to bribe the jailer, he had none, for

his pockets had been emptied on entering the prison, and a list taken of each article in his possession, all of which were retained. Means of communication with others was wholly out of his power. He had no hope except in God and his own resources of mind and body.

The cells of the Camerotti occupy the highest floor, immediately beneath and next to the roof of the Ducal Palace. This roof is composed neither of slates nor tiles, but covered with large plates of lead. The cells occupy two opposite sides of the palace. That in which Agrippa was imprisoned (called "*trave*," from the beams in the roof), was so low that he could scarcely stand upright in it. He was without any implement by means of which to effect his escape. But Necessity, like Fury, furnishes weapons on the instant. In a corner of his cell, along the sides of which he carefully felt in the darkness, he found an iron bolt, not much longer than a palm, which he wrested out of its place, and concealed in the bosom of his doublet. It was

pointed at one end, and he instantly perceived its value. There was little chance that it would be discovered on him, as his person had already been carefully searched. He had scarcely concealed it, ere he was removed to a cell, on the opposite side of the palace, which fronts the Piazzetta. This apartment was superior to that into which he had been thrust at first, while preparations had been hastily and slightly made for his accommodation—such as the supply of a table, a chair, and a hair-mattress with coarse bed-clothes and covering. The unusual boon of a lamp was allowed him, also—for the cell was without a window, the air being admitted by slanting apertures in the wall, excluding the light.

After a repast, to which he did as much justice, as if he had been appetized by a day's labour on the canals, Agrippa removed his table to that part of the cell where the roof was lowest—we should have stated that this cell was much loftier than that which he had quitted—and, mounting upon it, carefully

examined the ceiling. There was a sheeting of planks beneath the lead work and next to him, but on examination, he found it so carelessly fastened, that he had little difficulty in sliding away one of the boards, leaving nothing but the leaden roof now between him and the cope of heaven. He descended from the table, and proceeded to cut his bed clothes into strips, out of which he formed a kind of rope, fastening the knots by nooses, to avoid the risk of any of them slipping. In about an hour's time, he had made many yards of this rope, sufficiently strong to bear his weight.

On re-examining the ceiling, a new difficulty met him. The plates of lead which formed the roof were rivetted to, or bent over, the marble eaves, and resisted the utmost force he could bring to raise one of them. He resolved that if he failed it should not be for want of industry and enterprise, so, making use of his iron bolt as a lever, he indefatigably worked on, until, at last, he loosened one of these leaden plates. This partial success, slight as

it was, encouraged him to persevere: another mighty effort and it was wrenched aside. The night air streamed in, bathing his brow with its grateful freshness, and water was never more delicious to the parched traveller in the desert, than was that cool breeze to Agrippa at that moment. Exhausted by his long and difficult labour, he paused for breath and leant against the side of the cell. He heard the hum of the crowds in the Piazzetta and the Place of St. Mark—he heard the frequent plash of the oars in the canal below, and the swelling sounds of music, wafted across the Lagunes on the wing of that same gentle breeze which cooled his cheek's fever, but, more than all, he

> Saw how the floor of heaven
> Was thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,

while the moonlight beamed over the waters—beyond any brilliancy of which the dwellers in a northern clime have any idea. This half-communion with the outer worlds of enterprise and thought more and more confirmed his

determination to obtain his liberty or perish in the attempt. Yet, while admiring the heavenly glory beaming above him, Agrippa was so unromantic as to lament that there was a new moon! In such a night it was certain that St. Mark's Place and the Piazzetta would be crowded, and it would be a mere temptation of discovery to venture upon the roof, while he was so likely to be observed by one or more of the crowd beneath. He resolved, therefore, to await until shortly after midnight, between which and dawn there would be some hours of darkness.

Returning to his dungeon, he carefully replaced the plank which he had withdrawn, concealed his knotted rope between it and the leaden roof, and, wearied in mind and body, sank into a deep sleep. He was awakened by one who silently brought him food, and took away his lamp. His cell was not examined, as the possibility or design of escape were alike unsuspected—though had the light been held a few inches lower, the abstraction

of the bed-clothes must have been immediately discovered. He was once more locked in. He heard the fastening of bar over bar, on several successive doors, and then, quietly resting his head upon the table, again wooed repose, with as much zest for it as if he were chambered in a palace and pillowed on a bed of down. He slept, until the loud pealing of the midnight hour, from the adjacent tower of the clock, by St. Mark's, fully awakened him. But it was yet too early. He waited for another hour. Then, not a sound was heard from the Piazza—not an oar broke the murmuring silence of the waters. Even if the crowds had then been out, they could not have seen an object upon the palace roof, for the moon had set, and a *caligo,* or mist, prevailed—not so dense, however, but that he could discern immediate objects, while, on the other hand, it rendered him invisible to all below.

Raising himself upon the roof—or rather upon the gutter immediately next the eave—

Agrippa had then the difficult task of accomplishing a steep and slippery ascent. One false step would have precipitated him into the Piazzetta. With the aid of his iron bolt, which he plunged deep into the joinings of the leaden plates, he succeeded in climbing up a height of forty feet—an ascent nearly as difficult as it would be to climb a slope of ice—and thus reached the ridge of the roof. He placed himself astride upon this. At his back was the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, on his right was the inner court of the palace, (the canal called Rio di Palazzo, over which now hangs the well known Bridge of Sighs, being on the right of the Piombi, or the other side of the palace beyond the court)—the Piazzetta was on his left—and the Cupola of St. Mark's was about two hundred paces before him.

Agrippa painfully crept along this ridge, for more than an hour, vainly endeavouring to find some place where he might fasten his knotted ropes to effect a descent. But every place he looked down upon was either enclosed, or the

height so great that it would be madness to attempt descending from it. He then determined, although fully aware that the difficulty and danger would much exceed any he had yet encountered or hazarded, to get up, if possible, to the Canonica on the other side of the Church. He was about trying this final and, it might be, fatal expedient, when he perceived, about ten plates down the side of the roof, (to the left), a dormer window, which he hoped might afford him safer means for exit than by a perilous descent from the Church.

Cautiously sliding down, he reached the projecting roof of this window, and found that the casement consisted of glass set in small diamond frames of lead, with an interior grating. Breaking the casement with as little noise as possible, he discovered, to his great joy, that the grating within was only of wood. He easily wrenched away some of the bars, removed the frame, fastened his knotted rope to the abutment of the window, and made an easy and safe descent into a narrow and dark apart-

ment, round which he groped, until he met an iron bound door, which easily opened, and he entered into a spacious hall. Still feeling his way, for this room was also dark, Agrippa found a central table, surrounded by chairs. A robe had been carelessly thrown over the back of one of these, and as it was now extremely cold, he was glad to put it on. He also discovered a window, but, on opening it, perceived that it looked out into the Piazzetta, and at such a fearful elevation, that to descend by the assistance of his rope was impracticable. He returned to the table, sat down on one of the chairs to meditate on his next step, and, after a little, despite the perils which encompassed him—fell asleep! Fatigue had overcome him.

It was nearly daybreak when he awoke. He was not yet at liberty, and little time remained for him to effect his escape. He knew that, of course, there must be some entrance to this apartment, other than that which admitted him. On a closer search, he found a door

behind the tapestry—passed through it into a room much lighter than that which he had quitted, and recognised the Archive chamber which he had visited, with one of the Ducal servants as his *cicerone*, a few weeks before. He now knew his way, descended a few steps, and entered the apartment called the Chancery of the Doge. Here another door opposed his exit, but the iron bolt, which had already been of such service to him, soon forced the lock. Two flights of steps brought him to a passage leading to what is called the Royal Stairs. But the ample gates at the bottom were so strongly fastened, that nothing less than a petard could have forced them. Agrippa sat down on the marble steps, with but one gate between him and liberty, and perhaps, the bitterest feelings of a life, which had many vicissitudes of care and joy, had their birth at that place, and at that moment.

The hope of escape had awfully diminished; but the resolve to effect it remained unabated. Agrippa lost no time in thought, when so much

depended upon action. The dawn had now broken, and he looked with impatience and anxiety for the termination of his bold adventure. Chance effected for him all that was necessary. He went to one of the windows and opened it, with the intention of trusting, once more, to the aid of his rope, but an early loiterer in the Piazzetta accidentally saw him, and gave notice to one of the keepers of the palace, who, by a coincidence most fortunate for Agrippa, also happened to be abroad at that unusually early hour. Fearing that some one had been locked in, by mistake, he hastened to open the gates. Agrippa, hearing the advancing footsteps, drew the robe yet closer around him, as the fastenings were undone. The keeper, surprised at seeing any one there, and deceived by the official costume, (for it was the large crimson robe of a Senator which Agrippa had put on) did not think of putting any questions, and, muffled up beyond the power of recognition at that light, Agrippa passed into the court of the Ducal Palace, slowly turned into the arched passage

of the Broglio, (where none but the nobles dare walk), and thus silently confirmed the keeper's belief that he was one of the Senators who had been accidentally locked in.

"Madre di Dio!" he exclaimed, as he watched the slow and measured pace of him whom he had liberated, "how coolly the Signore takes it! He walks proudly as a prelate, and slowly as a monk departing from a table where the wine-cup went round freely. One would think he was loath to leave the Palazzo, after having been shut in all night. And not a soldo had he the grace to give me for my courtesy! Santo padre! but the next Noble that looks out of the palace windows, like a bird through the bars of his cage, may look his eyes away before I turn the key to give him freedom one minute earlier than the proper time. Not one soldo!—I could swear that the Signore is as poor as he is proud!"

While the grumbling janitor was thus muttering his discontent, Agrippa crossed the Piazza at the same stately pace. A gondola

was within hail—now it was close to the quay —he entered, and in the pavilion of the boat found Beatrice by his side! When did Woman fail to keep her faith, when *heart* was in the enterprise? Her pretty disguise, as a page, did not for a moment deceive *him*. He pressed to his heart, the true woman's heart that beat so warmly for him. As they swiftly glided up the Grand Canal, Beatrice waved her kerchief on passing the Casa Petigliano — a concerted signal to acquaint the anxious Amicia that Agrippa had escaped.

The gondolieri then rapidly pushed on for Mestre, their speed materially quickened by the promised reward which Agrippa held out as their temptation to strain every nerve. They, too, had discovered that the seeming page was a blooming woman—the fitful changes of her countenance during the suspense as to Agrippa's fate, had betrayed the secret—but, believing that the youthful couple were hastening to Terra Firma on a love errand, their sympathies were warmly engaged in the

mission, and they drove forward the gondola at a rate intended to baffle all pursuit, and speedily were at Malghera, which is close to Mestre.

From Mestre, the lovers, for such they were, though wedded, posted on to Trent, (through Castelfranco, Primolan, and Trent), whence they proceeded to Inspruck less hurriedly, for all peril now was ended. There the reception of Agrippa by the Emperor was the best assurance Beatrice could desire or obtain of the high consideration and esteem in which her husband was held at that Court.

What a change for her! Coming from the solitude of her quiet and retired life at Venice into the crowds, the luxury, and the whirl of the Imperial Court, she felt, at first, as one would feel who suddenly emerges from darkness into the brilliancy of the meridian day. The vision of her mind was dazzled, for a time, but it gradually became accustomed to all that was strange, and glittering, and splendid. Agrippa delighted to show his young bride all

the varying phases of society, in her new sphere. Amid them all she bore herself calmly, and

> Bright as a star, when only one
> Is gleaming in the sky.

The seclusion and retirement which she had anticipated, and for which, indeed, the forethought of Agrippa had prepared her; the privations and the troubles of a Scholar's life—the narrow means and struggling circumstances, which she had been led to expect, were not visible now. The Emperor had no one near him in whom he placed more unlimited confidence than Agrippa, and however limited his own means occasionally were, he liberally recompensed the assistance of his favourite Secretary.

Nothing was wanting to make Beatrice completely happy, but the society of her uncle and cousin. From them she was entirely separated, and even intercourse by letter was a gratification rarely to be indulged in; for Venice looked with a jealous eye upon all com-

munication between her citizens or *employés*, and the residents at foreign and unfriendly courts. Her relatives, however, did learn that she was well and happy.

Maximilian, who had not forgotten his conversation with Titian, no sooner learned from Agrippa those particulars of his former struggles which we have already stated, than he determined to contribute, as far as he could, to the advancement of his fame and fortune. A simple gift, however it might aid the Painter's pecuniary means, would not contribute to his reputation, and accordingly, the Emperor commanded his Ambassador at Venice to engage the pencil of Titian for any subject he might himself select, and, at the same time, insisted on paying him three thousand crowns in advance. The Seigniory gave permission for this magnificent order to be accepted; and if any thing were requisite to advance the reputation of Titian, it was supplied by the announcement—which soon was made public by his friends—that he was thus honoured with

patronage from the Emperor. Some time after, when a rupture took place between that personage and the Venetian Seigniory, an act of great illiberality was performed, for he was forbidden to execute the Imperial commission. Maximilian, however, declined to receive back the large sum he had paid the Painter, and found means to assure him also how much he regretted being thus deprived of a work from his pencil.

CHAPTER IV.

SHRINE OF THE LOVERS.

Lorenzo.—How grew your passion?
Mariana.—As my stature grew,
Which rose without my noting it, until
They said I was a Woman.

* * * * *

Lorenzo —You loved and he did love?
Mariana.—To say he did
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

On the same day that Agrippa's escape had been effected, it was notified to the Count Petigliano that the Seigniory, out of consideration for his avowed dislike to his niece's marriage

with D'Alvaine, would not press it. The Count, by this time, knew that they were making a virtue of necessity; but, with policy like their own, his acknowledgments were apparently grateful, as if they had indeed conferred a favour upon him, with their best free will.

Shortly after, he solicited the State to permit his return to Vicenza, alleging, with truth, that he was anxious to give his daughter the advantage of her native air; that the necessity for his residence in Venice had terminated with the cessation, by conquest, of the threatened peril from the Emperor; and that his own failing health made him desirous of removal. The permission was granted, and the Count prepared to return to Vicenza, a place endeared to him by many memories—a place especially dear to him, for it held his dead. He felt the quick advance of years—Toil had hastened the effects of Time. As he dismantled the laboratory in which he had made his alchemical essays, he smiled at the hold they once had

taken on his mind; for now came soberer thoughts and loftier hopes, which drew it heavenward. So, ere the midsummer of 1508, Amicia and her father were again dwellers in Vicenza, from which they had been absent nearly a year.

In her old haunts—for it was there that her youth had been passed—the employments which once had occupied her attention and engaged her thoughts, now ceased to interest her. Books and embroidery were now thrown aside, and in their stead she sought to beguile the long hours with Painting—loved for Titian's sake, and Music, for its own. But, amid all her employments, her mind would frequently and involuntarily revert to her acquaintance with Titian, and amid the luxuries of her state, she would often sigh over the memory of that lone *studio*, into which Genius had breathed that spell whose subtle alchemy can make things of common value, splendid as the brilliancies of fairy-land. For even as the torch to the grotto of Antiparos, is Genius to

every-day life;—one makes the stalacties beam like precious gems, while the other sheds a radiance of its own upon all it touches, lighting them with gorgeous hues, and, in the brightened atmosphere of imagination, showing the meanest magnified to the mightiest!

Thinking upon that acquaintance with the Painter—sufficient at once for remembrance and regret—she grieved to think how fortune had cast their fates apart; sometimes she lamented that she had ever seen him, sometimes she regretted that she had not seen him oftener! This is love, nourished in the soil of difficulty, watered with the tears of regret.

Before she quitted Venice, Amicia had again endeavoured to ascertain whether Titian had returned, but learned that he still was absent; nor, indeed, did he come back from Cadore until some time after she had reached Vicenza. His letter was a cherished treasure, which, although every word was imprinted on her memory, she was never weary of perusing. It was now that she especially felt her cousin's

absence; had she been able to confide her feelings to any one, they might have been less ardent—for, like flowers, love-thoughts spring most rapidly in concealment. So, she continued to nourish the secret passion which had changed the current of her life—nourishing it the more as it grew more hopeless. It is ever thus that Woman ventures her all of affection on the frailest barque that ever sailed down the tide of hope. Love is the religion of the heart, and Woman is at once the priestess and the victim.

Before Amicia quitted Venice, however, a circumstance occurred which, trifling in itself, was not without exercising a certain influence upon her mind—raising, as it were an Iris of promise amid the clouds which had darkened over her affections. True, that this very comforter was the offspring of Superstition, but stronger minds than that of hers have bowed in such weak influences. The wisest have sometimes, unconsciously, yielded to them—yielded even when they affected the most to

despise them. What wonder, then, if a maiden —young, romantic, and isolated—should have permitted herself to draw hope, in some degree, from an experiment which, harmless in itself, indicated the very innocence of her mind.

At the time of which we write, although no Venetian lady of reputation could venture into public by herself, so as to be known, nothing was more common than for them to go about, even unaccompanied, provided that they were masqued. The ordinary *Bahute* was usually employed upon such occasions, and consisted of a kind of dark *domino* edged with a deep silk lace. This was cast over the head so as to leave only the upper part of the face uncovered, and when the strictest disguise was desired, a semi-masque was worn which rendered recognition impossible. If a lady desired to visit any of the churches, to which, like the majority of the palaces, the nearest access was by water, she had only to step from her gondola into the porch; but if she wished to enter any place which was situated only a few paces from

the canal, it was usual to wear a *Bahute* at least, though in most cases, the semi-masque would be added.

The Church of St. Geminien, in the Piazza, immediately opposite St. Mark's Church, was that in which, from its vicinity to her own dwelling, Amicia was accustomed daily to attend divine worship. A few days before her departure from Venice, some impulse led her to say to her attendant that she never had seen, and should like to visit St. Mark's church.

"Nothing more easy, Signora," said Angiola, "and no time better than the present, for it is only a step across the Piazza, and there are not a dozen persons to be seen. Besides, our *bahutes* can conceal our faces so far, and no one will dare to attempt to pull them off."

The temptation to see a Church of which she had heard so much was strong, and Amicia, yielding to it, rapidly crossed the Piazza and entered the central gate of the five which are in the front.

Could we loiter over our story, we might describe the effect produced upon Amicia's mind by the sacred and sumptuous temple which she now visited for the first time. We might speak of its unique appearance, within and without; with its pillars of porphyry and other rich marbles, its bas-reliefs and sculptures outside; its columns, gilding, gems, mosaic, and paintings in the interior. Who has ever seen it without thinking it more like a splendid Asiatic mosque than a Christian fane? What can be more harmonious, even in their very contrasts, than the different styles of architecture, there combined to form a Church which has no equal in the world. Viewing its gilded ceilings, arched and fretted, supported of beautiful pillars of vari-coloured marbles—its exquisite floor of mosaic, porphyry and jasper, so arranged as to present a variety of curious figures — its wealth of gold, gems, arabesques, bronze and carvings—its pillars of chrystal-like alabaster, from the East—its *Pala d'Oro*, a mosaic of gold and silver on enamel, from

Byzantium—few could avoid being struck by the truth of a traveller's rather fanciful remark, that if it were thoroughly lighted, so as to exhibit all the splendours which now are but dimly seen, it might be taken for one of the beautiful palaces which the Sultana described in the Arabian Nights.

After wandering through this magnificent Church, and wondering at all they saw, Amicia and her attendants were accosted by one of the vergers, who tendered his services to point out and explain the different portions considered most worthy of observation. The last place he conducted them to was the Chapel of St. Mary and its remarkable relics. Among these, the most curious—matching the feather from the wing of Gabriel the Archangel immortalized by Boccaccio — was a lump of stone, set into the wall, beside the altar, which, they were assured, was the identical part of the rock of Horeb, whence issued the miraculous supply of water for the relief of the Israelites, three small orifices in the rock being pointed out as those

from which flowed the stream, when touched by the wand of Moses! Here, also, they were also shewn the chair in which St. Mark is said to have sat while writing his Gospel, and many other relics equally authentic and valuable.

Pointing to the altar, in this small but beautiful Chapel, the verger informed them that it constituted what, in his opinion, was by far the most wonderful thing in the whole Church. "This," added he, "is called the Shrine of the Lovers, because, in other days, the fair maidens of Venice were accustomed to resort to it, in order to discover whether their absent lovers were faithful to them. Once only in a lifetime could a maiden make this trial. It has fallen into such disuse of late, that I have known it made only twice since I have been in the Church, and that is full twenty years. Formerly the thing was so common that this Chapel was always free of access at night, and even yet one of the side doors is left open for the purpose.

"But," exclaimed Angiola, who had listened

with considerable interest to the old man's remarks, "you have quite forgotten to say what the trial is."

"The trial is simple enough. It is only to come here at midnight, and set down on the floor, just before this altar, a wax taper, which must be lighted from one of the candles of the Shrine. The maiden who does this must kneel before the altar, and repeat her prayers to Our Lady, until the trial be ended. If her absent lover be faithful, the taper will burn to the last, with a bright and steady flame, no matter how violent the draft of air through the aisle, and it always blows very strongly here; but if he be dead or unfaithful, the flame is extinguished at the slightest breath of wind."

"Surely," said Amicia, "a trial like this has been seldom made, and then by none but the most ignorant."

"I do not know why the Signora should think so," replied he, rather piqued at the doubt cast upon the credibility of his tradition; "but many ladies of the highest rank certainly have

thus endeavoured to learn if the absent were true; and I have heard my own mother say, that when she was a girl, she had made the trial, and the result came true."

A liberal gratuity at once stopped the loquacity of the verger, and rewarded him for the trouble he had taken. Amicia quitted St. Mark's, but what she had heard concerning the Shrine of the Lovers, made a greater impression upon her mind than she almost liked to acknowledge to herself. People who love grasp at straws, like drowning men, and the desire rose within Amicia's mind to ascertain, by the process she heard described, whether indeed the love she bore towards Titian were returned by him. She battled bravely against this desire for two or three days—but the more she resisted it, the more strong did it become. Finally she determined to make the trial, but shrunk from admitting Angiola into her confidence.

Quitting her dwelling without observation,

and proceeding through the narrow streets which led to the Merceria, she crossed that area, and reached the Piazza. Obtaining admission in the Chapel of Our Lady through the side entrance which the verger had pointed out, she prostrated herself before the altar, on which, day and night, seven great candles were burning. At one of these she lighted the waxen taper she had brought with her, and placed it upon the floor, below the altar, where there was a small hollow made to receive it. As she knelt down, again, to perform the requisite orisons, there came a strong current of air through the Chapel—so strong, indeed, that the flames upon the Shrine, although protected from the draft, wavered to and fro. Not so, however, the taper upon the pavement—it burned steadily and brightly to the last, and Amicia quitted the Chapel an hour before day-break, and succeeded in reaching her chamber in safety. Indeed, her masque was sufficient protection ; for the heaviest penalties were inflicted upon any one, who, whether by

day or night, attempted to remove a masque, or intrude upon a masquer in Venice.

Dashed with superstition as this experiment was, her youthful and sanguine spirit drew from it a trusting and happy hope which consoled her, "many a time and oft" when distant from Venice, and unlikely, on that account, again to behold that Titian whom she loved with all the purity, strength, and abandonment of first love! It is thus that, in the East, the Hindoo maiden—actuated by the same impulse as the high-born daughter of Petigliano, wreathes a small lamp with flowers, and sends it floating down the sacred stream of the Ganges, breathing at the same time prayers for the safe return of the loved and absent, and believing that his fate would be disastrous if the lamp sunk or were soon extinguished, but would be happy and auspicious if it continued to burn until borne entirely out of sight.

In Vicenza, whither Amicia proceeded very soon after this visit to the Shrine of the

Lovers, her thoughts were constantly fixed upon Titian, although she pursued the usual occupations of her sex and rank—more from a desire to distract her thoughts than aught else.

She loved, as we have seen:—it was her first love, and, therefore, its very pangs were not all of pain. It was, at first—

> A summer dream,
> Bright, but with vestal fancies! Scarcely love;
> But that wild interval of hopes and fears
> Through which the child glides, trembling, to the woman.

Now, it had gathered intensity from time, and the maiden's fancy had gathered strength which changed it into passion.

CHAPTER V.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

Yet were there moments when she stole apart
To nurse one memory, own'd but to the heart.
* * * * *
But ever foremost to her wish, was yet
To veil each memory that might seem of sorrow;
That to her father, ne'er her own regret
Of the gone day might darken more the morrow.

BULWER. *The Ill-omened Marriage.*

IN this manner passed on some months, until the year approached its close. While Amicia was thus influenced by her love for Titian, he had returned to Venice, and his suc-

cess there was as eminent as ambition could desire. It was at this time that he painted the Flight into Egypt for the Church of St. Ermagora e Fortunato, (known among the Venetian populace, as the Church of San Marcuola) the portrait of St. Mark, for the Convent of Santo Spirito—the Presentation of the Temple for La Carità—and, for the Church of the Frari, the great altar-piece, representing the reception of the Virgin into Heaven. In this last he had to contend with the difficulty of a double light and bad position, but by using stronger and bolder contrasts, and giving decided outline to figures to be viewed from a distance, he achieved complete success. Yet, by giving this example of grandeur, he failed to satisfy the Frari, whose want of taste preferred tameness of form and colour. The picture was sent back to him, that he might improve it, but he declined retouching it, and proudly wrote upon the corner, "TITIANUS FECIT FECIT!"

The offer of a large sum, on behalf of the Emperor Maximilian, for the painting which the

Frari had thus presumed to think an indifferent performance, led them to retain, instead of again returning it, as they had almost determined; and when it was placed in their church, the public voice at once declared that Tiziano Vecelli had reached the perfection of Art, and was one whom Venice should prize as greatest among her great. This picture was long the ornament of the church of the Frari. Gradually the bright tints faded, and the beautiful drawing became indistinct. In our own day—indeed, not more than twenty years ago—Count Leopold Cicognara discovered, by accident, that the painting was obscured by a black and humid dust, and succeeded, by such simple means as sponging it with water, in removing the defacing stains of centuries. Thus the painting (which now hangs in the Gallery of the Accademia delle Belle Arti, at Venice—of which Cicognara was founder and president) may now be seen with something of its "original brightness," sufficient to justify the assertion that it is Titian's master-piece. It is

known as *The Assumption*, and exhibits the Virgin ascending into Heaven, surrounded by a choir of child-angels, while the Apostles are beneath, joyfully watching and wondering at her heavenward translation. This painting alone would shew Titian's mastery over the mystery and difficulties of light and shade, while the grace, the grouping, and the conception of the whole make it an epic upon canvas. In the Church of the Frari, where this painting remained until our time, did Titian find a grave at last!

Shortly after this picture was completed—so speedily, indeed, as to cause universal wonder at the rapidity with which he produced such beautiful paintings—Titian supplied that composition to the Church of Saint Martial, representing Tobias guided by the Angel, which is still considered one of his *capi d'opera.*

The fame which these and other works procured him, extended Titian's celebrity far beyond the sea-girt city—far beyond even the limits of its far-stretching possessions in Terra

Firma. Throughout the whole of Italy his merits became known—and in foreign countries, also. Very swiftly was it told in Vicenza how greatly the Painter was triumphing at Venice—how no rivalry could now retard his success. And it became Amicia di Orsino's great consolation to learn, from the universal voice of fame, that the object of her secret love was thus so worthy and so honoured. Pleasant is it to feel that love—which is the very life of life—has not been unworthily bestowed!

To learn that he was thus remembered, would have been a source of the purest pleasure to Titian—but what a rich and consoling knowledge would have gladdened Amicia if she could have become aware of the fact that he was as much in love and almost as unhappy as herself. He continued to cherish hope, until prolonged disappointment tolled its knell, that he might again be gladdened by meeting her who had been to him as

> A sudden apparition sent
> To be a moment's ornament;

and, ignorant of her absence from Venice, attributed to indifference or caprice, what, in fact, was caused by necessity. Still—like the vessel whose anchor holds on, in the most imminent danger, by a single strand of the cable-he clung by one hope, and this he drew from—the conviction that at one time, he had certainly been an object of interest to the maiden. If, before he had met her, who was (to quote Moore's expressive lines to Lady Valletort):

> Among the crowds of fair and great
> A spirit, pure and separate,
> To which even Admiration's eye
> Was fearful to approach too nigh;—
> A creature, circled by a spell
> Within which nothing wrong could dwell;
> And fresh and clear as from the source,
> Holding through life her limpid course,
> Like Arethusa through the sea,
> Stealing in fountain purity,

he had been indifferent to the smiles with which many of the fairest greeted him, from the dawn of his better fortunes—now, when with increased renown such attentions in-

creased, he received them with such coldness that the high and extended circle in which he moved, wondered how, in so fair a form, could dwell so hard a heart. What would not Amicia have given to know this—to know that *she* was the cause?—to know that he often paused, while executing some of the paintings which Time has spared, (as if to show what else were improbable of the wonders of the pencil), to think upon her who had so transiently flitted before him.

For, oh! the heart sickens beneath the ambiguity of unacknowledged love. The condemned, in his solitary cell, who FEELS every moment hurrying him to that which will see his ignominious transit from time to eternity—he, with the weight of guilt upon his heart and its penalty upon his head—feels not a more death-in-life fever of suspense, as he half-hopingly sickens with the desire of pardon, than does Woman's heart when, conscious of the depth and passion of her own love, she is weighed down by the uncertainty whether it be returned.

The casual looks—the careless words are recalled to memory, making

> Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
> An undistinguishable throng!

The bitterness of such an uncertainty—its saddening and its joyous alternations—its memories, waked up at many a trivial word—the unconscious lingering among the scenes *his* presence has sanctified—the high-heartedness which would even secure his happiness at the price of her own—such feelings rend Woman's heart. For the heart is *her* peculiar world. The affections, pure and deep, are inalienably hers. Man may to-day be maddened by the impulses of passion—he walks into society, and the morrow finds him with eye as bright, and brow as unclouded as if he had never felt the heart-quake. For Woman, there is no Lethe. The Zadigs of the earth may quaff the waters of Oblivion, but Woman's heart lives in companionship with deathless memories. Love is her heart's faith, and forgetfulness would be

a sacrilege. Yet Pride often teaches her the bitter lesson to conceal her quick feelings, even when the iron is entering into her soul. How often the *seeming* may be of Mirth, when the *reality* is of Sorrow. She may pass over the wreck of Hope, and glitter in the circles where Beauty flashes upon the sight in fairest loveliness, and Wit, from her lips, seems more keen and polished; she may wed another, and seem happy, (and even think she is so, in the effort so to be), but the memory of first love haunts the bosom like the memory of a murder, and, in the death-hour, the fleeting spirit's last thoughts *will* return to the early dream of joy! It is from this intensity of feeling, its firmness and its truth, that Woman draws half her charm. Many are the trials that her love has to encounter; but oh!—after all doubts, all troubles, all sad and tearful auguries, how rapturous the assurance, more welcome for its very delay, that she does not love in vain.

Was Amicia ever to be rendered happy by such an assurance? In the comparative re-

tirement which her father now enjoyed at Vicenza, the affection of his child soothed his mind — as the Halcyon calms the tempest-troubled waves over which it broods. The fire of life was declining, and great became the consolation he drew from his daughter's society. She was very dear to him: the dearer, because with his affection there mingled a delicate sympathy when he observed that some grief pressed heavily upon her. The attentions offered to him by her thoughtful tenderness were much cherished, and she soothed the infirmities of his age, while she poured the balm of kindness into his spirit's wounds. Nor is there a more lovely picture amid the many that Life has drawn, than that of filial duty shedding the oil and wine of love upon the hoary head of age.

It has been affirmed, that when there is no confiding bosom into which may be poured the feelings that are welling up from the deep fountains of human affection, hope wastes away—like some subtle essence, which exhales its

sweetness and strength in the grosser atmosphere. This is more fanciful than true, but it *is* true, that what sunshine is to the flower, sympathy is to love: the flower may grow without sunshine, and love may live on without sympathy, but the growth of both will, in such case, be unhealthy and unnatural. Thus, Amicia's feelings obtained an unhealthy precocity, because she had no one to whom she could confide them. They would have been sobered and subdued, but now they grew in intensity, in a clime and at an age when such intensity was less likely to be schooled by judgment than at present. The natural result followed—the mind influenced its tenement—the gem was wearing out its setting—in a word, the health of her body suffered from the sickness of her heart. Her personal loveliness was undiminished, but its character was gradually changing—what it lost in brightness, it gained in intellectual expression. She ceased to sing the joyous strains which she had loved to warble in her noon of youthful gladness, and in their

stead might sometimes be heard snatches of melancholy song—beautiful exceedingly, as the song of the nightingale, and just as mournful. If her girlish glee had departed, there had come that dawn of intellectual light which stamps "Woman" on the countenance with the prematureness that outspeeds the march of years. Who will say that Love does not teach Knowledge?

Despite her efforts not to show what she felt, Count Petigliano perceived the change which had cast its shadow over his daughter's spirit, once so bird-like in its blitheness. The advance of his own infirmities, and the recent disappointment of his ambition—for the glory of his rival appeared like the dimming of his own—had brought him now to homeward meditation, and made him think, with even more contempt than regret, upon the time he had wasted on the pursuit of fame and the dreams of science. His thoughts flew back—for in the hours of care and pain, such thoughts *will* come—to the time when, full of youth and

passion, he had wooed and won the fairest maiden of the rival house of Colonna—how every year had twined her affections yet closer around his heart—how bitter was the pang when, in the pride of opening manhood, his only son had been snatched away—and how, long before that affliction, *she* had died, with a scarcely audible entreaty on her lips, that to their daughter he would supply all the tender affection and watchful care which a mother can best bestow. Then, while Memory thus peopled the void with such sad images, there arose in his mind that self-reproach which the poet truly calls "the late remorse of love."

It was not that in aught Amicia ever had cause to say "My father loves me not," for she well knew that his affection dwelt keenly and proudly upon her; not less strongly, perhaps, because, like many men who have warm feelings, they were not prominently exhibited. But *he* felt that there had been too little sympathy between them—that he had permitted worldly interests to intervene, to the oversha-

dowing of that tenderness the silent but touching effects of which, as manifested by his daughter, now afforded his wounded spirit such unutterable gratification. He had known little until now of the cultivation of her mind, of the depth and beauty of her affection. He felt that had he made an earlier attempt to be the friend of his child, that confidence which might have soothed her evidently depressed spirits, would have been his. In all this self-accusation, there was over-colouring, for a generous spirit is apt to diminish the faults of others, and exaggerate its own. Amicia's health, too, although rather declining, had not actually declined—the distinction is a plain one—but, seeing her cheek paler than of yore, each languid movement, each quiet resigned smile appeared to a father's anxious fears as the omen of an early death.

No one can describe the anxious, feverish feelings of a parent who trembles with sad anticipations for the life of a beloved child, unless he has himself experienced them. It is a pang "too deep for tears," a foreboding beneath

which the heart grows faint, the cheek pale, and the voice subdued to a whisper. No matter whether this fever-dread arise for prattling Childhood, whose smiles make smiles around the cheerful hearth, or for maturer Youth, in which we see the opening bud of glorious promise, it can depose hope and pride from their empire in the heart, and turn gladness into melancholy.

Not from fiction do I draw these thoughts. I have known—alas, in all its bitterness, I know—what it is to have the heart afflicted and smitten with a fearful augury of the early death of the beloved. To live on, as between hope and fear—to watch the changing hues of the cheek, intently, as, on the Indian sea, the mariner watches the far-off clouds which herald the hurricane's devastation—to gaze into the eyes, and doubt whether their brilliancy arise from the brightness of health, or the fitful fever of disease—to listen to every tone, with a silence so hushed that it almost speaks pain to the heart—to muse on the slightest expressions, to

see whether hope can be gleaned from them—to follow, anxiously, the slightest movements, these are things that cloud the brow and dull the spirit; these trace the early furrows on the cheek and prematurely silver the hair; these create that heart-sickness, unknown to all except those who, like me, have had the secret combat between hopeful and sad anticipations as to the mortal tenure of life by which one, tenderly beloved, remains on and of that earth which her glad presence, her smiling ways, her winning words, her early genius, her poetic fancy, her thoughtful tenderness have made a very Eden for us, despite of many cares and some afflictions.

And THOU! even as I write, with the tears involuntarily suffusing my eyes, thy sweet smile greets me, and wins back an answering smile. Now, my child, leaving the thought-gemmed page from which, prematurely winning the treasures of genius, thy youthful mind, so earnestly has been snatching song and story, thou glidest to my side, welcome as the fresh

breeze to the becalmed mariner on the lulled sea—now my cheek feels the odorous sweetness of thy balmy breath—now thy round full arm clasps thy father's neck—now thy small soft hand presses against his brow—now, bursting from their cincture, the dark clusters of thy silky hair shed their wealth of curls over thy face of beauty—now thy soft eyes, radiant with the tender light of love, searchingly glance into mine, as if to read the depth of that affection thou knowest that I bear thee—now thy lips bend gently towards mine, and now thy kisses suddenly fall in sweet abundance upon thy father's lips!

Beautiful creature! a very child in years, but rich and happy in a matured yet glad and youthful spirit, which drains joy from all things, how my heart throbs with deepest love and pride, as I press thee close, yet closer to it, and dream that Providence, in his merciful wisdom, would scarcely have formed aught so lovely or so loving to be as a cynosure among us for a moment, and then depart for its bright sphere

for ever. I see thee thus, beautiful as Genius delights to imagine when he would make the marble lovely and life-like with the sculptured embodiment of his poetic thought; happy-hearted as we may fancy a child-angel in immortal realms—thy sweet voice clear and musical as the glad utterance of the bird who pours his matin song into the high and azure heaven, and thoughtful even in thy smiles, as one whom God hath gifted, thus early, with the rich dower of intellect and imagination. I see thee thus, and my mind soars beyond the fever-dread of the present hour. It fancies, for after years, the sweet child matured into the bright woman, affection crowning thee with the hymeneal wreath, love softening thy maiden beauty with the glad influences of wedded tenderness, and the olive branches round about thy table, blessing thy path, even as thou art brightening mine!

The dream was too happy to last, and cold reality breaks the spell which fancy had made. I see thee here, dear child, yet lingering by my

side. Thy small fair hand has glided into mine. I feel, though I avoid it, the thoughtful expression of thy dark, unfathomable eyes. There, as thou dost nestle to my side, I feel through my own frame that constantly quickened throbbing of the heart which saddens me, almost hourly, with the thought that thou mayst not be for this earth. — The dream indeed *has* faded; but Hope comes over my heart, like the fresh dew of the evening upon the withering flowers, and lo! its Iris exalting itself aloft, a many-hued bow, one extremity resting on the earth, and the other, like Faith, softly mingling with the skies, beyond which abides the Power which can spare or recal the sole daughter of my heart!

CHAPTER VI.

WAR OF THE LEAGUE OF CAMBRAI.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array.
The army, like a lion from his den,
March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay,—
A human Hydra, issuing from its fen
To breathe destruction on its winding way.

DON JUAN.

In December, 1508, a congress was held at Cambrai, for the ostensible purpose of adjusting the affairs of Gueldres, but secretly for the formation of that confederacy against Venice which is historically known as the League of Cambrai. The contracting parties were the Emperor Maximilian, Pope Julius, the King

of France, and the King of Arragon. They were impelled to this measure by jealousy of the power attained by Venice, as well as by a determination to make a partition of her possessions, for their own advantage. So secret was this confederacy, that it completely took Venice by surprise. The hostile powers made great preparations for war, and the Seigniory were equally on the alert for the defensive. Levies of troops were made—armed gallies were manned for the protection of the coast—the Estradiots were called in—archers were brought from Candia—infantry from Albania—cavalry from the Lombard provinces—the more exposed cities on Terra Firma were garrisoned and the military command was given to Count Petigliano, as Captain General, and, at the same time, (in order to conciliate him), his name was inscribed among the nobles of Venice, in the *Libro d'Oro*, with the best apology that could be made, for its not having been so distinguished before.

D'Alvaine was appointed second in command.

Both of these generals were recalled to Venice, where a Council was convened, at which the plan of the campaign was to be adjusted. Naturally of an enterprising spirit, and flushed with his recent triumph over the Germans, D'Alvaine recommended the Seigniory to carry the war into the enemy's country, rather than wait until it should be brought into their own. Petigliano gave more cautious advice, that they should act on the defensive, and merely take a strong position, where they might await the attack of the foe, with a strong prospect of victory. The Senate adopted this latter advice, with a slight modification, deciding that the Venetian army should encamp behind the river Adda, to prevent the enemy's passing it, and urgently recommending that a battle should not be fought, except upon great hope or urgent necessity.

Maximilian called a Diet, at Worms, at

which an edict was passed, placing the Doge, Leonardo Loredano, under the Ban of the Empire, and proscribing him as a rebellious subject. The Pope fulminated a bull against Venice. Louis XII sent the French herald *Montjoye*, to denounce war to the Venetian Senate, and, crossing the Adda (with Chevalier Bayard in his train), endeavoured to force the Venetians to a battle, before the Germans could come up and deprive him of the exclusive honour of victory. Petigliano would have declined a combat, (fully aware of the advantage of delaying an enemy who had to seek supplies in a hostile country), but the impetuosity of D'Alvaine precipitated an engagement between the Venetian rear-guard and the whole French army, headed by King Louis. After a gallant resistance of three hours, D'Alvaine was captured, six thousand of his soldiers slain, and the French thus gained what historians have variously called the Battle of Agnadello, Vaila, or Ghiara d'Adda. The main body of the Venetian army was not engaged, and Count

Petigliano succeeded in effecting a retreat to Peschiera. The French followed up their success, and in a fortnight after the victory of Agnadello, Louis had recovered (with the exception of the citadel of Cremona) all the towns in the Venetian territory apportioned to him by the League of Cambrai. He even encamped at Mestre, and, (in order that he might boast of having bombarded Venice), raised a small battery at Fusina, from which he discharged a great many cannon-shots, at random, in the direction of the City of the Sea.

At the same time, the Papal troops occupied Romagna, the Duke of Ferrara overran the Polesine of Rovigo—the Marquis of Mantua seized the towns of Azole and Lunate—the Imperial troops marched into Friuli and Istria, and the King of Arragon despatched troops to occupy Naples. In a word, Venice was sinking beneath an accumulation of heavy calamities, but the Seigniory prepared to defend the City to the last. Protective means were orga-

nized—the garrisons from distant stations were recalled, to reinforce the army under Count Petigliano's command—messengers were sent to that veteran, thanking him for his continued constancy in the service of St. Mark—a decree was issued, releasing their subjects in Terra Firma from all allegiance to a state no longer able to protect them—and attempts were made to negotiate with the Emperor and the Pope. The former declined to treat without the participation of France; and the latter, although inclined to favour the Venetians, dared not openly and at once withdraw himself from the League. At this crisis, therefore, almost the sole reliance of Venice was upon Count Petigliano, and his great military talents were found to be fully equal to the exigency.

Padua had fallen into the occupation of the Imperialists, but Andrea Gritti, the Proveditor, (subsequently Doge), aided by the burghers, succeeded in re-taking it from the German lansquenets. By this time, King Louis

had returned to France, and the Venetians were opposed to a foe whom they had less reason to dread: this was "the Penniless" Maximilian, who prepared to invest Padua with a force which has been stated at one hundred and fifty thousand fighting men. The Venetian force, for the protection of Padua, consisted of twenty-five thousand men, under the command of Count Petigliano. He caused this band to be assembled in the Piazza di San Antonio, and, after the celebration of the mass, harangued them in inspiriting language, after which he bound himself by a solemn oath, faithfully to devote himself to the defence of the city, "even to the death." The citizens and soldiers took the same vow, and prepared to conquer or perish. Padua was regularly beleaguered, the siege continued for seventeen days—during which Chevalier Bayard performed many brilliant feats of arms, on the Imperial side—and was then raised by the Emperor, who returned to Germany. The

Venetians next recovered Vicenza and many other towns they had lost — succeeded in detaching the Pope from the League, by making submission to him—reconquered the Polesine—refused a truce offered by the Emperor — besieged Verona, even before he had reached Trent, on his way back to Inspruck—and finally were able to spare a third of their army, under the command of Petigliano, to occupy Vicenza and protect the adjacent country. They had sustained the heaviest reverses, but now, by the union of valour and judgment, the principal dangers were at an end, and, independent of the virtual breaking up of the League, the Venetians were once more in a condition to contend, on equal terms, with any opponent.

His constitution totally shattered by previous ill health and these exertions, Count Petigliano again took his residence in Vicenza towards the close of 1509, happy to perceive that, principally through his own admirable leader-

ship, the Venetians were recovering their heavy losses during the early part of the campaign. The Seigniory, giving him the command of the section of their army stationed in the Vicentine, continued to him the rank, pay, and title of Captain General, but relieved him from the active duties of *Condottier d'armi*, which he was now unable to perform. His constancy amid the most disastrous fortune, his great military experience, his sagacity in council, and his last and most brilliant act of chivalry—the successful defence of Padua against almost overwhelming opposition—all combined to place him high in the favourable opinion of the Seigniory, and, although he had now ceased to take an active personal share in their military movements, nothing of importance was transacted without his advice and sanction. He felt now that his course was nearly run, and his chief regret was the prospect of leaving his daughter an unprotected orphan. He often urged her, for she

had now passed her seventeenth year, to wed some one of the nobles who sought her hand—for she had many wooers—but she ever evaded his solicitations, and appeared resolved to keep herself "in maiden meditation, fancy free!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE PAINTER'S TRIUMPH.

These are the glorious triumphs of the Mind
Which pass, nor leave one sorrowing soul behind,—
When, with a forward shadow, Fame doth bring
Honours more grateful than the pomps that spring,
From the weak fancy of some mighty King:
For nobler than his power is the soft praise
Which that proud State to peerless Genius pays!

When, in her utmost peril from the League of Cambrai—the anticipated effects of which had been averted, mainly by the admirable generalship of Count Petigliano—a heavy tax was imposed upon the citizens and residents in Venice, one remarkable exception was made. Amid all the confusion, anxiety, and

hurry of that eventful crisis, the Senate was not unmindful of the merits of Titian, and evidenced their regard for one who had raised Art to such perfection among them by anticipating the honours which, in such cases, are usually reserved until death has stilled the heart, and smitten the hand to the dust.

The Painter was summoned to a full meeting of the Senate, and his progress from his dwelling to the Ducal Palace resembled the ovation of a conqueror. A State-galley from the Arsenal was despatched for his especial conveyance.—A thousand gondolas accompanied this vessel, and martial music hailed the moment when he put his foot upon the deck. There, a chair of state had been prepared for him, covered with cloth of gold, and placed immediately before the banner of St. Mark. A signal being given, to indicate when he took his seat, a *feu-de-joie* from the mouths of thirty cannon — answering in number to the years of Titian — pealed out its deep-toned acclaim from the Arsenal, and was

answered from the guns at the forts at the Lido.

As the galley slowly passed up the Grand Canal, not a palace but was populous with beholders. The *jalousies* of every window were thrown back, and the youth and beauty of Venice might be seen, crowding the balconies, anxiously stretching forward to behold the Painter, and, when he came in view, waving their white *fazzolets*, in the enthusiasm of the moment, and, ever and anon, flinging garlands towards him—even as they would hail a Conqueror. Then, as, in acknowledgment of these courtesies, he made his obeisance from side to side—now placing his hand upon his heart, and now bowing his head—the populace (who felt grateful to him for their holiday, and had sufficient judgment to appreciate his merits, daily seeing his works, in the churches they frequented), would send up a shout, loud as the conjunct thunder from a hundred pieces of ordinance.

Titian's arrival at the quay of the Piazzetta was hailed with music, and with renewed acclaim; it seemed, so great was the throng, as if all Venice had there assembled to receive him. Nor was he permitted to enter the Ducal Palace immediately. The officers who executed the duties of marshals of the ceremonies—an important office in Venice, where so many public holidays were celebrated—arranged a procession in an incredibly short time, which proceeded up the Piazzetta, made the circuit of St. Mark's Place, and, finally, passing by St. Mark's Church, entered the inner Court of the Palace. The central place in this cavalcade was allotted to Titian: children, in rich dresses, strewed his path with flowers, and before and after him were borne aloft some of the master-pieces of Art which his pencil had produced.

He was received at the Palace by the Chamberlains of the Doge, who escorted him into the spacious Hall of the Grand Council, which was crowded with Venetian nobles—the Se-

nate and the College consisting of selections from the general body. They wore that picturesque state-costume with which the pencil has made us familiar, and constituted an assembly imposing, no less by numbers than dignity. The Grand Council were seated upon low-backed stalls, which ran in parallel lines nearly the whole length of the spacious Hall. The Doge, with the six other Councillors who constituted the Septemvirate, properly called "The Seigniory," sate rather apart from the rest, on a sort of raised platform which ran across nearly the entire breadth of the apartment, the central seat being that occupied by the Doge—for, however limited the actual power of that Prince, Venice never hesitated to allow him the ostensible dignity of pomp and precedence in all occasions of display and ceremony.

Titian was led up to the dais upon which sate the Doge, the Councillors, and the Great Officers of State. He was courteously invited to occupy a seat a few paces from the Doge.

That Prince, then, as the mouth-piece of the Seigniory, addressed the Assembly, and said that the *Balotini* (boys employed for that purpose) would distribute the black and white balls, and afterwards hand round the urns into which each Noble would cast one ball, to testify his approval or disapproval of the Edict which had been that day proposed to them. Accordingly, this was done, the urns were carried to the Councillors, who counted them before the Assembly, and then declared that, as not a single coloured ball had been thrown in, the Edict had passed unanimously, and only remained to be confirmed by the Doge and the People. This confirmation, although little more than a matter of form, was given in this manner; one of the Officers of the Great Council presented himself at one of the windows of the Palace, facing the Piazzetta, and there—the attention of the populace being attracted by a peculiar note from one of the silver clarions—proclaimed that the Council had agreed to an Edict and required their con-

sent. On this occasion, as it was known that it was contemplated to confer some especial and distinguished honour upon Titian—whose courteous demeanour, and public worth had alike obtained the popular favour—the crowds in the Piazzetta hailed the announcement with shouts. On ordinary occasions, the appeal for *their* consent passed by, unnoted and unheeded, for they well knew that it was but the semblance of a reference to *their* will.

This confirmation was announced to the Council, on which the Doge, who remained sitting, also signified his assent, together with that of "the Clergy and the People, the Judges and the Councillors, and by the approbation and applause of the Populace."* The Grand Chancellor was then desired to make an entry of the Edict in the archives of the State.

The functionary thus referred to proceeded to read the Edict, which was to the effect that

* Amelot de la Houssaie states that all edicts were passed with the words, "*Cum Clero et Populo, cum Judicibus et Sapientibus, atque Populi collaudatione, atque confirmatione.*"

the Seigniory willed the exemption of Signore Tiziano Vecelli from all taxes which, then or at any subsequent period, should be levied upon a citizen of Venice.

The Doge then informed the Painter that, in further acknowledgment of his merit, and to shew to others that the Seigniory were ever desirous of paying signal honour to high desert, as well as to provide him with a certain income from the State, he had been appointed to the office of La Senseria, in the Fondaco di Tedeschi, the annual salary of which was three hundred golden crowns. The patent, conferring this appointment, was then perfected, by receiving the leaden seal and the signature of the Doge, its enrolment in the public archives was commanded, and the document presented to the Painter by the Doge, with the courteous wish that he might long live to enjoy its honours, execute its trifling duties, and receive its emoluments.

These transactions, so flattering to him, in every respect, had almost taken Titian by sur-

prise, for although he had been informed that the Seigniory purposed to pay him some compliment, he had by no means anticipated any thing so great as this. He was a ready speaker, however, and possessed great presence of mind—the principal requisite for oratory of any kind—so that he was able to express, in suitable and eloquent language, the warm and grateful feelings which such distinctions as he had been honoured with, had awakened in his mind. He added that he received them rather as stimulants for future exertions than as memorials of any thing he had yet been able to perform, and he stated that as Venice had been his abode from the years of childhood, he was determined it should be his constant place of residence. The appointment in the Fondaco di Tedeschi, he said, was especially grateful to him, as he could never forget that, to the execution of the Senate's order to paint the street-façade of that building, he owed the good fortune of being brought into public notice, in a favourable manner. To testify, in his

own way, the sincerity of his gratitude for the extraordinary favours which the Signiory had lavished upon him, when there were many Painters equally deserving of them, as well as to bind him more especially to Venice and the service of St. Mark, he requested, in conclusion, that he might be permitted to paint the portrait of the Doge and of each successor to that high office, during his life-time, at a nominal price.

The offer was accepted with great approbation, and the requisite addition was made to the patent, by which Titian was bound to supply a portrait of each Doge for eight crowns.*

Titian was then reconducted out of the Hall, and the Great Council rose and saluted him as he quitted the Assembly. He was conveyed back to his own dwelling with the same pomp

* This account involves a slight anachronism, for Titian's exemption from taxation and his appointment to the Brokerage of the German Fondaco were some years subsequent to the date of this story.—Giacopo Sansovino, the celebrated architect, was associated with Titian, by the Edict from the Seigniory, in the exemption from taxes.

as had before attended him, and the holiday concluded, in a manner particularly agreeable to the populace, by the distribution of wine and food in the Piazzetta, and the exhibition of fireworks, at night, in the same place, at the expense of the State.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POET AND THE PAINTER.

The first will make an epoch with his lyre,
And fill the earth with feats of chivalry;
His fancy, like a rainbow, and his fire
Like that of Heaven, immortal! and his thought
Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire;
Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,
Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,
And Art itself seem into nature wrought
By the transparency of his bright dream.

BYRON.

As if to increase his happiness on the day which had thus witnessed that rare triumph—the public acknowledgment of worth and fame, during his life-time—the Painter had the satis-

faction, when he re-entered his dwelling, of finding there before him, that true and tried friend, the Signore Barberigo. He hastened to welcome him, and learned that he had arrived only that evening from Ferrara.

"I have brought hither with me," said Barberigo, "one whom I am proud to number among my friends, and whom, I trust, you may henceforth count among yours. Poet and Painter are akin in the arts which they pursue, and should be related also by that friendship which is often stronger than the ties of blood. You know our Venetian saying —'Better kind friend, than cold kindred.'"

The cavalier to whom Titian's attention was thus drawn, was somewhat about the middle size. His countenance had a grave and contemplative expression, which might have appeared too severe, but for a pleasing smile which occasionally brightened it. His forehead was high and compactly formed, and a partial baldness gave it additional loftiness. At the sides and the back of the head, the hair was thick,

dark, and curling. His eyes were black and sparkling, his nose large and aquiline, and his complexion of a clear olive. A dark moustache and full beard concealed the shape and expression of his mouth, but they also gave him a manliness which relieved the slightness of his figure. Judging from his brow—like "the bald first Cæsar's," and like his, too, subsequently honoured with the laurel — he might have been about forty years old, but his actual age was four and thirty, nor did he appear more when he wore his cap. His attire consisted of a suit of black velvet, trimmed with lynx fur, with a collar of rich lace, and round his neck was thrown a massy chain of gold, to which was attached a large medal of the same precious material, bearing on the side that was visible, a head covered with a Cardinal's hat.

"We are from Ferrara," continued Barberigo, "which city I took in my route from Rome, having to transact business with the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, the patron of this gentleman. I must leave Venice in a few days, and have

guaranteed his safe return with me. In him, know one, of whom you have heard me speak before—who has accompanied me solely that he might become acquainted with you.—Know Messer LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, the Poet."

It was, indeed, that celebrated man, honourably known, even then, by his satires, comedies, sonnets, and *capitoli*, but raised to the very summit of celebrity, a few years after, when the "Orlando Furioso"—a continuation of the "Innamorata" of Boiardo—appeared as the fruit of ten years' labour.

"Right glad am I," said the Painter, "to welcome to Venice, and receive beneath my roof one whose writings have already made me acquainted with the better part of him—his mind. I owe many obligations to the Signore Barberigo, but not the least of them is this."

During the discourse that followed, Titian learned that Ariosto contemplated the publication of a new poem, (the Orlando), which he had nearly completed but delayed pro-

ducing until he had received the comments of his friends upon it.

"Cardinal Bembo," said the Poet, "recommended me to write it in Latin, as the more classic language: but I told him, what I believe, that our Italian, in its sweetness and its strength, is fully adequate for the expression of any poetic thought. I remembered that while the Latin writings of Petrarca are forgotten, his Italian sonnets live in the memory, and upon the lips of every one."

"I should think," observed the Painter, "that you do wrong to submit even an unfinished poem to the comments of your friends. How few are capable of being judges of its merits, unless they can fully understand the feelings which have been predominant in the poet's mind, when writing. I know that if I were to strike out from one of my pictures all the parts to which objections are made, I should have to strike out the whole of them."

"Perhaps so," said Ariosto, "because perfection itself would be objected to, in the critic's

desire to discover faults; but if *you* were to retain all that is admired, you would not have to erase a single touch."

"I thank your courtesy for the compliment. What I would say is, that a poem or picture cannot be improved by the hints of those who do not know under what influences of mind it was written or painted. The correction, methinks, would sit awkwardly upon the original."

"So I should think," remarked Barberigo. "if Ariosto, when he corrects—which, you would say he does freely, if you saw his blotted manuscripts—did not invariably improve what he had written. The passages which appear most spontaneous when you read them, are usually those which he has most curiously elaborated."

"And is the Orlando completed?"

"Even if it were," answered the Poet; "I now feel that it must have at least one stanza added to it. I must, in a few lines, record the name of Tiziano Vecelli. When my readers

learn, from that tribute, that their Poet enjoys the friendship of the greatest of Venetian Painters, they cannot but think favourably of him."

"If you do," said Titian, smiling, "be sure that I shall take my revenge, by painting your portrait, in order that an engraving from it may appear with your poem."

To this, perhaps, we are indebted for the notice of Titian in the thirty-third canto of the ORLANDO, where, among the great Painters of Italy, Ariosto names

> Bastiano, Rafael, Tizian ch' onora,
> Non men Cador, che quei Venezia e Urbino;"

and, in return, for the portrait of Ariosto, by Titian, an engraving from which appeared as the frontispiece to the first edition of the poem.

However, we are anticipating.—"For my own part," added Titian, "I should think that Poetry and Painting, which are branches of the same tree, might be joined, with advantage.

Thus, the poem might illustrate the picture, or the picture be suggested by the poem."

"I do not go quite so far," said the Poet, "but believe that painting and poem might gain much from their makers' communicating their opinions to each other. Has the painter to compose a picture—for the pencil has its epics as well as the pen—might he not avail himself of the poet's invention? And surely a poem would be more picturesque if its author had the advantage of the painter's better observation and knowledge of what is striking and harmonious in external objects."

"Why, then," remarked Barberigo, "should not you and Titian thus communicate your thoughts to each other?"

"I confess," replied Ariosto, laughing, "that I have already been guilty of the sin of theft from him."

"You are freely pardoned," said Titian; "but you must tell me what you have taken of mine:—the comfort is, that I do not feel the loss."

"No—as the taper lends its flame to a thousand other tapers, without having its own light lessened in the least. Know then, that in describing the beauty of Alcina, of Olympia, and of other females in my 'Orlando,' I have not only copied from your pictures, many of which I saw in my former visits to Venice, but have constantly borne in mind that *a poetical description should be a picture in words.* To conceal the difficulties of the art, is the one thing requisite—he who lets the difficulties be apparent, even when he has conquered them, is only half a poet. What design and colouring are in painting, sentiment and eloquence are in poetry. From my visit here, now, I dare to say that I shall bear away many a suggestion, from your discourse and the later paintings which I hope to see, which will enable me to add value to what I write."

"I thought that it was completed?"

"No. While a poem remains unpublished, I am unable to resist the temptation of cor-

recting it. Like a painting, it is constantly receiving additional touches."

"Not like one of my paintings, then," exclaimed Titian. "When it is done—it is done. If they ask me to improve it, I put *Titianus fecit, fecit* on the corner and send it home. The work grows under my pencil. I labour incessantly upon it.—I spare no pains to make it express the idea with which, at the time, my mind is filled, and then, when that is done, my pencil never touches it again."

"But a poem is of slow growth, while a picture is rapidly executed."

"Why should it be so?" demanded Titian. "Because, to attain that rapidity, we have laboured without ceasing. What are the triumphs of Art, but victories over its difficulties? What are the miracles of Genius, but the success of the strength which grapples with Nature? The poem may be of slower growth, but how permanent is it, if it be good. At the utmost, a fine painting lives but for a

few centuries — a fine poem has life for ever."

"But the critics—"

"What of them? They know not their calling. The true critic looks at the whole, not at parts—seeks gems, not soil. For my own part, were I to choose my critics, I should not go into the Schools nor into Courts; I would summon from the streets the first half-score artisans whom I met, ask them what they thought of my picture, and be sure, if they approved, though the critics of society condemned, that my work was of worth, because their simple judgment would contrast it with Nature herself; and, if true to that standard, it could not be wrong."

"Your appeal would astonish the critics of Ferrara," said Barberigo. "They judge of a picture by its likeness to other pictures which they have beheld."

"Aye," exclaimed Titian, "they set up an artificial standard by which to measure Nature!

For what is Art, but a resemblance of Nature —softened, subdued, but Nature still."

"I marvel not," said Barberigo, "that, thinking thus, your pencil produces such truth-like paintings. Not Fame alone, but wealth, is the reward."

"Not for fame alone, nor wealth, do I labour. I would have my Italy to Painting, what Greece, in her better days, was to Sculpture—the producer of what deserves to live. The patrons I seek are the many—all who have eyes to see."

"In this you differ from me," said Ariosto, "for poetry is addressed to a smaller number—to those who have capacity to understand."

"But this all can do. The very elements war against the picture; but the mind is the shrine wherein the poem is preserved. The flame—the flood—neglect may destroy the picture, but men's memories would preserve the better parts of the poem, even were there no books."

"You would flatter me with the hope that

what I write will live. I accept the prophecy —would that I could produce words which are hues, even as you exhibit hues which are words—eloquent, stirring, and eternal!"

"I should be glad to know," said Titian, "something of the nature of your poem, as well as the particular view with which you have composed it."

"Perhaps," said Barberigo, "he may be reluctant to tell you, fearing that your opinion of poetry might be the same as that of his patron—a plague on *such* patrons."

"I know not to what you allude."

"Know then, that, over-persuaded by his friends, our Ariosto presented a copy of such portion of his 'Orlando' as is finished, to the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. That astute Prince politely asked, when he saw the manuscript, '*Master Ludovico, where did you pick up all this trumpery?*'* Oh, a model

* The poem was dedicated to the Cardinal, who said "Messer Lodovico, dove Diavolo havete pigliato tante coglionerie?"

of critics, as well as patrons, is the Cardinal !"

The jest, however, did not appear to amuse Ariosto, quite as much as Barberigo, and without noticing it, he thus replied to Titian, "Boiardo, as you know, left his *Orlando Innamorato* unfinished. Thinking that he had treated the subject rather too gravely: not being indisposed also, by the adoption of a popular hero, to spare myself the trouble of invention; and desirous, if I could, of continuing what he had so worthily began, I resolved to write the *Orlando Furioso*. In truth, Orlando is common property to us poets, as not only Boiardo, but Pulci and Francis l'Aveugle had adopted him before I did. To blend the comic and the tragic—to present a variety of adventures—to relate not only what was wonderful but what is amusing—to exhibit a succession of pictures, in which the figures should be animated with the various passions of life—to develope the genius of our language, by showing how capable it is for the most varied

composition—to unite grace, expression, and harmony in my verses—these were the objects I had in view when I commenced my poem, and these I hope I have, in some degree, succeeded in combining. In compliment to the House of Este, who consider them as their ancestors, I have devoted a portion of the poem to the exploits and marriage of Ruggiero and Bradamante. In order that I might exhibit the chivalry of the olden time, I have presumed to bring forward Charlemagne and his paladins engaged in an imaginary war with the Saracens—and, to keep Orlando on the poetic field, I have introduced him prosecuting his addresses and love for the fair Angelica, and turned to madness (which gives rise to several curious adventures) when he hears of her love for Medor. To give variety to the poem, which is indeed a long one, and might otherwise be tedious, I have a great many episodes."

"From all this I can readily fancy," said Titian, "that the poem must be of the first

order. But this account of it only whets my desire to see it."

"Yes," said Barberigo, "give us, from memory, one of those Episodes you mention: —Ariodante and Ginevra, or Isabella and Zerbino, or Olimpia and Bireno—you see I have not forgotten what I read with so much delight. One of these will better shew our Titian the nature of the poem than if you commenced with

> Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
> Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto,

and repeated on until day-break."

"My memory would scarcely serve me to repeat six stanzas," answered Ariosto, "for, though I remember what others have writ, I can retain little of my own. However, as I really should like to have Signor Tiziano's opinion, I shall read to him the only part of my Orlando, that I have brought with me."

The portion which the Poet then read—as we are assured from the "exclusive particulars" of a private source—was the Twelfth

canto, in which Orlando is lured in the enchanted palace of Atlante in vain pursuit of the shadow of Angelica. What would we not give now, for an accurate account of the remarks which such an auditor as Titian made upon such a theme, and the explanations which Ariosto afforded.—Such, we fear, are lost for ever to the world! If what we have related should be considered apocryphal, the fault rests, believe us, with the doubters rather than the narrator!

The meeting of that evening commenced the warm friendship between Poet and Painter—Ludovico Ariosto of Ferrara, and Tiziano Vecelli of Venice—which terminated only with the death of the former, nearly thirty years after.

Brief as, at that time, was Ariosto's stay in Venice, Titian drew a full-length portrait of him, which he introduced—with those of Bembo, Sannazzaro, Navagero, and other illustrious men—into his great picture (destroyed by fire, in 1576) of the Emperor Fre-

deric kissing the foot of Pope Alexander the Third.

At a subsequent period Titian executed, for Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, that portrait of Ariosto, which, in the Manfrini Palace, at Venice, divides admiration with that of the Queen of Cyprus. Lord Byron spoke of this as "a portrait of Ariosto by Titian, surpassing all my anticipation of the power of painting or human expression: IT IS THE POETRY OF PORTRAIT, AND THE PORTRAIT OF POETRY."

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIVAL ARTS.

Painting and Sculpture seem the natural offspring of the human mind: they are coeval with Music and Song.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The Signori Contarini and Moncenigo, although young, delighted in the Fine Arts, and loved to mark the progress which Titian, their friend, made in that branch to which he had applied himself, with equal perseverance and success. They had formerly been on intimate terms with Giorgione, but had gradually become weaned from him, according as their acquaintance with Titian ripened, from admiration of his genius, to attachment

for his person. His success was, indeed partly due to their appreciation of his hitherto unacknowledged powers, which his frescoes for the Fondaco di Tedeschi had first made known to them. Their kind and judicious patronage followed, at a crisis, when, to the Painter, a helping-hand was as a plank, flung amid the angry waves to a sinking man. Accordingly, few visitors were more welcome to him than these friends.

Ere they visited him, on the day after Ariosto had quitted Venice for Ferrara, a conversation took place between them, which, embracing many subjects, terminated thus :

"It is quite impossible. Art may do much —we see what it has already done in our Venice; but it cannot effect what is impossible."

"Sangue di Madonna! Who speaks of impossibilities? I have but mentioned what I believe *can* be done, though I know not precisely by what means. Let us refer the

disputed point to Tiziano Vecelli. If any man can decide it, he can."

"Content! So certain am I of the force of my position, that I am willing to risk upon it any wager you may name."

"Be it so, Contarini. Five hundred golden sequins, if you please."

"Half the sum — consider that Andrea Moncenigo and Crœsus are synonymous terms."

The disputants, quitting the Broglio, where they had been taking their afternoon walk, proceeded to Titian's residence, without delay. They found him, as usual, at his easel, companioned only by his early and best friend, the Signore Barberigo, with whom they also were on terms of intimacy.

Marco Contarini lost no time in mentioning the purpose of their call.

"We have had a difference of opinion," said he, "concerning the comparative capabilities of Sculpture and Painting. My assertion is——"

"Nay," interrupted Moncenigo, "it is

scarcely fair to say what is your opinion or mine. You should put the question so that Signore Tiziano may not know what you think, or what I think. Know, Signore, that the question arose whether Painting or Sculpture were the more expressive. One of us contended for the superiority of Sculpture, as a statue may be walked round, and viewed on all sides, while Painting, even with its life-like hues, can only represent one view of a thing at once. We have risked a wager on the point, and the decision rests with you."

"The question is at once curious and difficult," said Titian, "but I do not despair of being able to answer it in a sufficiently satisfactory manner—provided that I may do so in my own way. Nor shall I consider it all, unless the wager be withdrawn. Believe me that an opinion is neither stronger nor weaker, because he who holds it is willing or unwilling to risk a certain amount of money upon it."

Assenting to this stipulation, the cavaliers withdrew, permitting Titian his own manner of

deciding the disputed point, and agreeing to return on the next day, for the answer.

"Your task is one of difficulty," said Barberigo, "and however your inclinations may prompt you to give the palm to Painting, your judgment can scarcely refuse to award it to the capabilities of Sculpture."

Titian answered, it was pretty evident to which side of the question his friend inclined, but perhaps, he might find cause, on the morrow, to think differently.

"That is most unlikely: I grant you that Sculpture, as well as Painting, steals but a glance from Time,* but the limned figures, however skilfully the light and shade may be disposed—however beautiful the colouring—however successfully the fore-shortening may suggest—and exhibit the roundness of form, still have the disadvantage of a flat surface, and

* For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance from Time.

CAMPBELL.

must therefore leave some portion unseen. Now, a statue stands beside you, and you may see every side of it, if you walk around it."

"Admitting that in this manner, Sculpture can show more than painting, I believe that by the pencil we may exhibit the different sides of a figure at once I own that this must be an exception to the general rule, but though difficult, it *can* be done, thanks to the resources of the Art."

"You speak so confidently, that I think you must have considered the point before."

"Some years ago, when I was studying under Giovanni Bellino, it happened that a difference of opinion, such as we have just heard expressed, arose between my fellow pupils, Giorgione and Francesco da Ponte. They had been speaking of the taunt which, years before—when Andrea di Verrochio was casting his famous equestrian statue of Bartholemeo di Bergamo—some of his assistants had thrown out against Painting, because, as they alleged, of its being able to represent, at a single glance,

more than one side of a figure. Da Ponte declared that the Sculptors only spoke the truth, but I remember that Giorgione positively affirmed his ability to show that they were wrong."

"Did he mention by what means he could do this?"

"He did not; but the positive manner in which he made the assertion, convinced me, (who originally was of the same opinion as Da Ponte), that he was right. I even attempted, at the times to perform it, after a fashion of my own, and I purpose, if I can find that early painting, to retouch it to-morrow and produce it as my reply to the disputed point."

Barberigo said, that if such a painting were able to show them the possibility which he so much doubted, he must be allowed to become its purchaser. Titian answered that he should prefer his friend's acceptance of it as a gift, and that if it were paid for, half the money was fairly due to Giorgione, whose decided assertion had stimulated him to execute it.

"Rather than a semi-sequin should go to Giorgione, I shall even take the painting as a gift."

"Why hold this enmity against Giorgione? It is curious enough that I, his rival, entertain none. We ran a course of competition for public favour, and I have succeeded rather better, in the end, than he has. But for the emulation excited by such rivalry, prompting me to put forth the utmost powers of mind and skill, I am confident that I should not have executed anything so deserving of praise as I have been so fortunate as to produce."

"*You* may forgive him," responded Barberigo, "but *I*, as your friend, cannot. The field of honorable competition was open to him, to you, to all men—but I know that, while you were struggling against misfortune and neglect, —which is in itself no small misfortune—he did not disdain to encourage those who spoke disparagingly of your merits. The pupil who uttered the keenest taunts against you, was certain of being his favourite for the day."

"Perhaps so, but what matters it now, seeing that the shafts were pointless, and inflicted no hurt?"

"That was not the fault of the archers and their captain."

"But," observed Titian, "my very obscurity, at the time, was a kind of protection. Even had these slander-shafts struck me, they could not have much injured a man almost unknown."

"I will not grant that—Slander is the shadow of Fame, and as often precedes as follows it. The slanders which were innocuous when levelled at a man struggling between obscurity and neglect, may be remembered and revived, with more deadly effect, when he has achieved distinction. I get angry when I think how much Giorgione might have injured you, and what forbearance you exercise towards him. It is wonderful, considering what jealousy exists among Artists, how free from it you are."

"Trust not to the present," said Titian, with

a smile, "perhaps I may only want an object."

"No," answered Barberigo, "I believe you are free from it—as yet, at least. In Rome, only a few weeks ago, I saw this feeling in full operation between Michael Angelo and Raphael Sanzio. You must know that Raphael, although much younger than yourself, has many pupils, who assist him in his paintings, at the Vatican, for Pope Julius. Some of these are younger than himself—a few have reached years more mature. From his courteous manners and obliging disposition, few men have had more success than Raphael in winning the affection of those who are, in any manner, connected with him. His pupils, therefore, view him with feelings of esteem and pride, and it is a pleasing sight to behold him, surrounded by them, walking through the Eternal City, and pausing, now and then, to expatiate upon the picturesque effects which are exhibited by the yet splendid ruins of its ancient and magnificent architecture. Sometimes this retinue

is swelled by the attendance of other friends, who—even as I have often done—take pleasure in listening to the eloquence into which, on such occasions, he warms, as he speaks of the glory of old Rome. Nothing can more completely contrast with the crowd of pupils and friends thus accompanying Raphael, than the solitary and gloomy manner in which Michael Angelo passes through the streets. The first, brilliantly dressed like a Noble, draws attention even more by his great personal beauty than his rich attire; the other, in the plainest garb, with his cap drawn over his face, as if to conceal the harsh expression and rugged character of its features. Yet, Raphael who is robed in velvets and furs, and glitters with jewels, is the son of an indifferent artist, of Urbino, while Michael Angelo, attired more like an artisan than a cavalier, is of the blood of one of the old and noble houses of Florence."

"I had heard that he was singular in his manner, and unsociable in his habits."

"*Uncivil*, and you will be nearer the mark.

Not long ago, as I was telling you, Raphael and Michael Angelo accidentally met in one of the streets of Rome. I happened to be present at the moment, and paused, with others, to watch their mutual greeting. Raphael, in all the pride of youth and beauty, advanced from among the circle of friends and pupils which surrounded him, and gracefully took off his plumed cap as Michael Angelo came near, without any companion. Subdued by the courtesy of the action, and considering it, as it was meant, as a public tribute of respect from the more youthful to the more mature artist, Michael Angelo acknowledged it by extending his hand, which Raphael coldly touched; indeed, it seemed to me as if he had expected no acknowledgement of his salute or an uncivil one. They were passing on, amid a murmur of applause—for the Romans are readily touched by such circumstances as these—when one of Raphael's friends, not meaning wrong, and glad that they had thus exchanged courtesies, said aloud, that he rejoiced they had not

passed each other without this mutual recognition. 'How could I fail to recognise Raphael Sanzio,' answered Michael Angelo, 'when I knew that he walked the streets like a Provost, with all his sergeants around him.' 'And how,' exclaimed Raphael, while the hot blood flushed his cheek, and his dark blue eye flashed with strong and sudden excitement, 'how could I fail to distinguish Michael Angelo Buonarotti, when he marches through the streets, gloomy and alone, like an Executioner!'"

"Not the language of compliment, I confess. Yet I can with difficulty conceive how such a spirit of enmity could have arisen between such men, or, having arisen, should have been allowed to continue."

"I would scarcely call it enmity," replied Barberigo, "for it is likely that were real misfortune to assail one, the sympathy of the other would be awakened, and his best offices tendered to alleviate the sorrow or redress the wrong. Neither, with all the animosity of spoken words which I have just mentioned,

would either be so unjust as to depreciate the genius or undervalue the works of his rival. Thus, Raphael does not deny that the recent improvement in his style of painting in fresco has derived much of its breadth and grandeur from his having obtained a view of Michael Angelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel. On the other hand, it is well known that when Agostino Ghigi, who had employed Raphael to paint the four Sibyls in the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, having paid five hundred crowns on account, asked Michael Angelo what further sum he ought to pay, the reply was—" No money can pay for such productions : each head is of itself fully worth a hundred crowns.' This may be esteemed noble conduct."

"It is honourable conduct," said Titian, "which is somewhat better. But you speak of both Painters as if you knew them."

"Whoever mixes in good society at Rome cannot fail to meet Raphael Sanzio. It is not so easy to meet with Michael Angelo, for when

he paints, he would not allow the Pope himself to be present, and he usually shuns society. I have been with him in his studio, however, at night—at which time he prefers to work—and I have seen him, with a lighted taper fixed in his cap, using the chisel with such impetuosity, that one might almost think the figure he had imagined was imprisoned within the marble, and that he was boldly labouring to liberate it from its hard thraldom. It was thus that, while only eighteen, he procured the large block of Carrara marble which, long before, Simone da Fiesola had vainly attempted to hew into the image of a giant, and struck from it that statue of David, which now is the pride of his native Florence. While another man would have been thinking how this should be done, Michael Angelo had done it! Fancy such a man making a statue of snow, at the request of Pietro de Medicis!"

"It reminds one of an elephant's picking up a lupine-bean, with that trunk which can uproot the mighty monarch of the forest. Per-

haps, after all, he may have intended not only to oblige his patron, but to shew the many that grandeur of effect may be produced from even the meanest materials."*

"It was a great triumph for Michael Angelo so to have produced his David—for Leonardo da Vinci had declared that the block could not be adapted to that purpose without the addition, which would be apparent, of several pieces. The great artist, at mature age and in the fulness of fame, declined what the aspiring youth had little difficulty in executing."

"I should think," said Titian, "that that very maturity of years might have induced da Vinci not to risk his renown upon a difficult experiment, while the very ambition of Michael Angelo's youth would urge *him* to the attempt.

* In later times we have had an example of this. It is said that the Signore Faliero's patronage of Canova arose from that great sculptor, when a child, having modelled a lion, out of butter, as an ornament for the dessert of that Noble. The beauty of the ornament led to inquiries as to its maker, and the patronage which followed procured him education, as well as instruction in the art of sculpture.

When we are young, we have no such word as *impossible* in our heart's language. As we grow older, we learn that the aspiration and the ability are very widely different; in youth, they appear one and the same."

"What a quiet internal laugh must Michael Angelo have had when Pietro Soderini, the Gonfalonier of Florence, objected that the nose of the colossal David was too large. The Sculptor affected to be struck with the force of the criticism—ascended to the head of the figure, with some marble dust concealed in his hand—pretended to strike the criticised feature with the chisel, dropping, at the same time, some of the dust into the Gonfalonier's uplifted eyes—and received for reply, while the poor man was half blinded by the trick, an assurance that the last touch had made the face perfection!"

"He appears to have had great pleasure in playing such tricks upon his patrons. What could have been more severe than the lesson he read the Cardinal San Giorgio? He sculp-

tured a Cupid sleeping—broke off one of the arms—stained the marble so as to give it the appearance of age—buried it in a place where workmen were excavating for remains of art—allowed the Cardinal, not only to believe it to be a true specimen of antiquity, but to point out to his friends in what respects the execution left all modern art at a distance—and then, when his Excellency had completely committed himself, produced the missing arm, and adjusted it to the fracture, declaring that his object was to expose the shallow pretensions of would be critics!"

"Aye," said Barberigo, "that is exactly like Michael Angelo. He has never known the art of subduing his conscious sense of his own great superiority over other men. Would that you knew him personally—methinks he would delight you, with all his faults. You might love Raphael better, but you must admire Michael Angelo."

Between these great rivals there were so many points of personal and professional an-

tagonism, that it may be worth while to pause, for a moment, over them. At that time, Raphael was only six-and-twenty, and appeared even more youthful. Michael Angelo, then aged thirty-five, appeared as if half a century had roughly passed over him. Raphael possessed great advantages of person: rather small in stature, but with an air of much dignity; elegant and expensive in the fashion and material of his attire; of a clear and fresh complexion, with well-cut features, dark blue eyes, and a profusion of beautiful brown hair, falling in rich curls on his shoulders. Michael Angelo, tall and spare; with a swarthy countenance, piercing dark eyes, and black hair, cut close to his head; his aspect, proud and haughty, even to gloominess. Raphael, the son of an artist, yet with the easy and graceful manners of a courtly cavalier. Michael Angelo, of a noble family, and singularly austere, and even forbidding in his address. On the almost feminine beauty of one, the sex delighted to glance admiringly, while the rugged and dis-

figured face of the other,* repelled rather than attracted.

Perhaps this advantage in appearance may have influenced the rivals in their respective bearing towards Woman. Raphael was a decided voluptuary, flying from flower to flower, and careless of the station of her whom, for the time, he admired, provided that she possessed the attractive requisite of beauty. Michael Angelo, influenced by the example and precepts of Leonardo da Vinci, whom he knew well, realized in his own person the continence of the cowled inmates of a monastery, nor allowed Passion, even at its highest flood, to go

* Torrigiano, a fellow-pupil of Michael Angelo's, angry at his superiority in modelling, struck him such a violent blow on the face with a chisel, that the scar remained, and disfigured him through life. This has been supposed to have caused much of Michael Angelo's gloomy manner and severe temper. Torrigiano eventually went to Spain, where, in 1522, having angrily broken a statue of the Virgin, for which the Noble who ordered it refused to pay the large sum demanded, he was committed to prison by the Inquisition, sentenced to death for the sacrilege, and only escaped the flames, by dying in durance before they could execute the sentence.

beyond the frontiers of Platonism. Raphael, who "died in the embrace of beauty," was perpetually occupied in some amour or other; while Michael Angelo is known to have cared, and that with a feeling not much warmer than admiration and friendship, but for two women —Clarice Strozzi, the gifted daughter of Pietro de' Medici, and Vittoria Colonna, the well-known poetess, remarkable alike for her beauty and her misfortunes. For these he wooed the muse of Poetry—for these he permitted his heart to overflow into the expressive and touching verses, imbued with more of pathos than passion, which yet remain to show what hidden tides of tenderness and gentleness flowed through the mind of him whose works and whose manners alike indicated dignity and severity.

Much about the same time, they appeared in Rome, employed by that liberal patron of the Arts, Julius II. Early in 1508, Raphael arrived in Rome, invited in the Pope's name, by his uncle, Bramante, the architect who, a very

short time before, had commenced building St. Peter's. The embellishment of the Vatican was confided to him, and worthily did he fulfil the duty. Michael Angelo's visit to Rome was as a Sculptor, and there he was commissioned by Pope Julius to make his monument which, if executed according as the Artist had designed it, would have left every ancient and imperial sepulchre far behind. When he had completed part of this great work, he took offence at some real or imagined want of courtesy on the part of the Pontiff—retired to Florence—returned at the Pope's most urgent request—and then, at the suggestion of Bramante, was requested to suspend the execution of the monument and paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. It has been said that this suggestion was thrown out, either that the monies which the Pope was expending upon Sculpture might be applied to Architecture; or that Michael Angelo, impatient of restraint, might decline to abandon Sculpture for Painting, of which, at that time, he thought lightly;

or that, accepting the commission, he should expose his inferiority to Raphael, (Bramante's nephew), who was well acquainted with, and very successful in that description of painting. Any or all of these causes may have existed—but never was evil intention more completely baffled. Michael Angelo repeatedly declared that Raphael could do the paintings in the Sistine Chapel much better than any one else, but Pope Julius, who was as positive as the Sculptor, insisted on his compliance. Michael Angelo was completely ignorant of painting in fresco, at the time, but applied himself to it, and speedily succeeded. Ere half the ceiling had been painted, the Pope and others saw it —among these was Raphael, who then first perceived that in Painting, as in Sculpture, Michael Angelo was unequalled. He changed his own style, adopting the severe dignity of his rival's. In twenty months from the time he commenced, Michael Angelo, with his own hand, had painted the Last Judgment upon the Compartments of the immense ceiling of the

Sistine Chapel. The great merit of these paintings do not suffer from the probability that the subject, its details and their treatment, were suggested by the Triumph of Death, in the Campo Santo, at Pisa, by Andrea Orcagna, who—sculptor, painter, architect and poet—had shone, the Angelo of the fourteenth century. Neither does it detract from Michael Angelo's worth, that when, at a subsequent period, he boasted that he had a design to raise a dome as big as a church on the summit of St. Peter's—which he eventually did—he must have had in mind the mighty cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore, which Brunelleschi had erected, a century before. He who pretends not to avail himself of excellencies which other men have produced, may as well disdain the use of language, because others have used that also.

The pencil was as powerful in the hand of Michael Angelo, as the chisel—and yet, in consequence of a weakness in the right hand, from early and constant labour as a Sculptor, he em-

ployed his other hand (as did Hans Holbein) when he painted. He said that sculpture was as superior to painting, as the sun was to the moon, and that fresco was the only sort of painting worth speaking of — oil paintings, which he rarely practiced, being art of women and idlers! There is the Epic in Art as well as in Poetry, and Michael Angelo's Last Judgment and his Moses show what, in that highest department, he could execute. Grandeur and sublimity pervaded all that he did, and in the Three Sister Arts he was, and is, without an equal. His imagination was sometimes capricious, but his execution always vigorous. He went back to Nature for his models. Hi colouring was not equal to his drawing, and perhaps his consciousness of his skill in this branch may have often betrayed him to exaggeration.

Raphael, who delighted in the exhibition of that graceful ideal which touches rather than overpowers the feelings, scarcely had a superior in expression or composition. Avoiding all

excess of action, he has combined simplicity with grace. Michael Angelo sought to express grandeur of form, attitude and action. Raphael added the simplicity of elegance, which may not strike the spectator at once, but gradually asserts its omnipotence over the mind. The pervading sentiment of all he did was grace, and a grave simplicity which was sometimes akin to the sublime.

Titian combined many of the merits of the two great rivals. In the expression of the individual character, he never was surpassed. His portraits look at you from the canvass, and you *feel* that not only the lineaments of the face, but the expression of the mind, as shown by the features, are given with truth and force. Deficient in design, he was unsurpassed in colouring; his are "hues which are words." No man studied Nature more constantly—few with equal success. He had neither the solemn grandeur of Michael Angelo—the Dante of the Arts—nor the sentiment and simplicity of Raphael, but he excelled both in colouring and powerful individuality.

The difference between the respective styles of Titian, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, can readily be accounted for by the difference in their temperaments and character. In the Fine Arts, as in Letters, the character of the man stamps itself upon what he executes. To the severity of his mind was owing the dignity and sublimity of Michael Angelo's sculptures and paintings. Raphael did but transfuse into his works the grace and the beauty which pervaded his soul. Titian, a keen observer of men and manners, involuntarily breathed the results of his observation into every portrait he executed — the luxuriance of his tastes being evidenced in his other compositions. The predominant turn of the mind is exhibited in what a man does, rather than what he says: if we study his works attentively, we read himself.

The great Painters contemporary with Titian had one peculiar qualification for success—they were richly endowed with the accomplishments

of the time. Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael d'Urbino, Giorgione, Titian, and all the best artists of that day were not only excellent scholars, but rich in the gentle arts which add grace to life. Poetry they all have written, and music claimed most of them as her followers.

Music, indeed, appears particularly adapted for the recreation of Painters. Its concords and discords may be compared to the lights and shades of Painting; its melody and expression resemble design and colouring; tone and harmony are common to both; while the softness and loudness of a musical composition find parallels in the distance and nearness of a painting.—But we must abandon such fancies,

> Nor let a tale grow cold
> Which should be most pathetically told!

When the Signori Barberigo, Contarini, Moncenigo, waited upon Titian, according to their engagement of the preceding day, he told

them that he believed he could produce a figure, so painted that it should show every side of it, without the trouble of going round it, as is done to view a statue. Contarini said, that if he could do this, he should admit, at once, that he had been unjust in claiming for Sculpture a supremacy over Painting.

Titian then showed them the picture of a young man naked. His back and shoulders were visible; at his feet was a fountain of clear water, in which appeared, by reflection, the front of his person; on his right stood a mirror, in which was seen all that side; and some polished armour, reflected, in profile, all his left side.

They admitted that Titian's pencil had solved the mighty difficulty, and congratulated him on his ingenuity. "Its simplicity chiefly recommends it," said Barberigo; "seeing what our Tiziano has thus accomplished, one wonders why it should not have been done before."

"No doubt," replied Titian, with a smile, "every thing is easy, when we are shown how it can be done — so said Columbus to the cavillers, when he showed them how to make the egg stand on the table!"

CHAPTER X.

FRANCESCO VECELLI.—THE SOUVENIR D'AMOUR.

Bears, like the Turk, no brother near the Throne.
POPE.

MENTION has been made, already, of Francesco Vecelli, the brother of the hero of our tale. He was a year older than Titian, and had devoted himself to the profession of arms, from earliest manhood. Success had crowned his enthusiasm, for he rose to a command in the Venetian army, and was distinguished—particularly on account of his gallantry at the battle of Taro—as a brave and fortunate soldier.

In the brief, but brilliant campaign of D'Alvaine, which took place very shortly after

Titian's triumph over Giorgione, at the Fondaco di Tedeschi, a sudden check was given to the military career of Francesco Vecelli. He received a dangerous wound, which compelled him to quit the service and return to Cadore, in the hope that quiet and his native air might effect his restoration to health. These however, were not all-sufficient, and it was considered requisite that he should have the advantage of the excellent surgical aid which could not be obtained at Cadore, but might be procured at Venice.

To Venice, therefore, did Francesco Vecelli repair, and, in Titian's house, had the attendance of the celebrated Andrea Vesalius, the best anatomist in Italy, at that time, and Titian's instructor in the formation of the human frame. In a few months, the invalid was completely restored to health; the only ill-consequence of his wound being a permanent, though slight, lameness which incapacitated him from resuming the profession of arms.

Under such circumstances, Francesco Vecelli had to determine in what manner he should obtain his future livelihood, for he was far too independent to accept Titian's offer of residing constantly with him. It happened, curiously enough, that he resolved to become a Painter. During the time he was under the care of Vesalius, he had paid particular attention to the process of painting, as practised by his eminent brother; and—a strong inherent taste for the Art suddenly breaking out—had even taken pencil in hand, and produced some pictures, which exhibited so much of promise, that Titian thought it worth while to bestow a few necessary instructions upon him, attention to which, rapidly effected great improvements in his execution.

Accordingly, when his health was quite re-established, Francesco Vecelli became a Painter. Naturally enough, he adopted the style of Titian, and it happened—whether from their eminent merit, or the singularity of the pencil being skilfully used by the hand, which, up

to that period, had wielded the sword—that a few paintings of his attracted the attention, and won the praises of some who were considered connoisseurs. At once, therefore, and even in a very decided manner, did success crown the efforts of Francesco Vecelli's pencil. Far inferior, no doubt, were these attempts to the paintings which, after years of application, Titian had produced, not long before, without his merit being acknowledged; but there is a degree of good fortune attending some, which enables them to go forward, as with a bound, beyond those who, with at least equal claims for consideration, have been painfully making slow advances to fame.

Eminent success, however well deserved, frequently annoys and irritates not only many of the strivers for the like distinction, but some who have nothing in common with them. There is a numerous class of men who get tired of hearing Aristides called "The Just:" not that *they* have any claim, or can put forward any pretensions for the title. They get jealous,

simply as mediocrity usually does, of the worth they do not possess and the distinction they are unable to achieve.

Titian had not become distinguished without unconsciously exciting the envy, the dislike of this class of cavillers. No man could bear his honours with more meekness, as none had endured neglect with more submission, but it was enough for some persons that he had won such honours, *therefore* he was considered as one whom it would be well to humble. To use a homely but expressive phrase, they resolved "to take him down a peg"—if they could.

They selected Francesco Vecelli as their instrument for this purpose; thinking that the shaft from that bow would probably inflict a deeper wound than if it had come from any other.

With this intent, they beset Francesco Vecelli with honied flatteries—assured him that he already had thrown into the shade the best performances of his brother—hinted that no-

thing but the fear of being eclipsed by him had made Titian insist in retaining him as his guest—promised him the utmost fulness of success, if he would establish himself as a painter in opposition to Titian, alleging that it was only what Titian himself had done towards Giorgione—and finally persuaded him to leave Titian, and become his rival, in a manner.

Seduced by such praises, promises, and persuasions, Francesco Vecelli quitted Titian, and —his very name carrying a degree of éclât with it, independent of his merits as a Painter, which really were considerable—it happened that, very speedily, one brother had nearly as much employment for his pencil as the other. Many persons who could not procure pictures from the hand of Titian, employed the pencil of Francesco, and the *clique* who had put the latter forward even proceeded on more occasions than one, in diverting to him several lucrative and honourable commissions intended to have been given to Titian.

To say that the course thus pursued by Fran-

cesco Vecelli did not greatly annoy Titian, would be to belie the principles of human nature. His feelings, however, were "more of sorrow than of anger;" the Painter might be annoyed at this new and unnatural rivalry which had started up, but the Brother was pained at the wound thus inflicted upon the affections, long and deeply cherished, for this opponent of his own blood.

In this way did matters continue for some months. All intercourse between Titian and his brother was suspended. The relative conduct of the rivals was exceedingly different:—Francesco is said to have spoken slightingly of his brother's merit, declaring that it was "the trickery of colouring which made his paintings popular," while Titian, with more generous candour, repeatedly declared, that he knew no one who could compete with him so well as his brother Francesco.

At last came the *dénouement*. Calculating upon greater emoluments than even his eminent success could obtain, and indulging in an ex-

penditure profuse even to extravagance, Francesco Vecelli had become involved in debt, to a considerable amount, and, in the hour of need, found that his friends and flatterers, instead of affording him the assistance he expected and desired, loudly blamed the improvidence by which none had profited so greatly as themselves. His involvements increased, and, at length, the officers of the law took possession not only of his house and property, but of his person. At this crisis, just as he was on the point of being transferred, a ruined man, to the debtors' prison, an unknown friend satisfied all demands upon him, and even advanced a liberal sum to enable him to continue in the manner of living he had latterly been accustomed to.

Francesco Vecelli was not satisfied until he ascertained to whose kindness he was thus eminently obliged. He discovered, with some difficulty, that his brother, Titian, had performed this timely and liberal act. Conscious how little he merited such kindness, he deter-

mined to repay it, as he best could, and straightway called upon Titian, with the idea of abandoning the Art altogether, rather than appear in opposition, for a moment longer to a brother who had acted thus nobly.

He frankly gave way to the generous impulses of his nature, and, warmly thanking Titian for the kind deed that had made him so greatly his debtor, assuring him that, from that day, he never again would handle the pencil.

"Not so, my dear Francesco," said Titian. "Art cannot spare such a follower as yourself. If you are unwilling to pursue the particular department which I practise, there is ample room for the exercise of your skill in another. Your pencil, I think, may be profitably exercised—from the extreme delicacy of its touch—in making cabinet paintings, for which, just now, a large demand has sprung up. As for the service I have been able to render you, consider it cancelled at the moment the warm grasp of your hand assured me I had recovered

a brother, whose alienation greatly pained and grieved me."

From that time, Francesco Vecelli exclusively devoted himself to the branch of the Art to which his brother had drawn his attention. There remain many ebony cabinets, the interior of which have been beautified and enriched by the pencil of Francesco Vecelli. Compositions with figures and architectural designs, all executed in what nearly approaches the miniature style of later days, were what he thus painted. His landscapes, portraits, and designs in fresco have generally been attributed, from the similarity of style, to Titian or Giorgione, and it is by his cabinet paintings that something more than mere tradition assures us, what an excellent artist was Francesco, the elder brother of Tiziano Vecelli.

After pursuing the art for about twenty years, he wholly abandoned it, and entered, very successfully, into the prosecution of commerce. He reached the highest station in his native

province, died at an advanced age, and was honoured with a public funeral—the gratitude of Cadore thus paying the last tribute to the memory of one who, in life, had obtained the affections and won the gratitude of a people over whom he worthily presided.

We deemed it right thus to record an episode in Titian's career, which, more than a thousand laboured eulogies, sheds light upon his character.

While, in this instance of the brothers, it has been seen that,

> Whispering tongues can poison truth,

another circumstance had occurred which very greatly excited the wonder of Titian. He received a small casket, which, when opened, he found to contain a portrait of himself—the execution of which, it is true, was evidently not from the hand of a Master, but the resemblance was quite unmistakable. On the closest examination, he had reason to think that this portrait was the work of a female. This he judged not only from a certain delicacy in the colour-

ing, and a slight indecision in the handling, but because he detected certain words traced upon the frame of the miniature, the writing of which, was evidently from the hands of a Woman. A thousand conjectures did he form as to the source from whence this casket came, and he settled at last into the supposition—rather a hope than a belief—that it was a fairy-favour from the hands of the unknown, the absent, the unforgotten Amicia. Still he could not comprehend by what means she could have obtained a likeness of himself.

This incident would have prevented his quite forgetting Amicia—if there indeed were any chance that such an act of oblivion *could* be passed. But, as we have seen, her image was too deeply imprinted on his mind to be forgotten, and absence, which leads to the forgetfulness of other things, keeps quick the memory, when the heart, its empire, is interested. Thus, amid his pursuit of renown—amid the boons which fortune shed upon him—amid the favour of the great and the friendship of the

good—amid the delight in the recovered affections of the brother whom he so dearly loved—and, above all, amid the temptations which the charms of the fair dames of Venice naturally must have presented to one capable of awakening and maintaining the liking which so often is the substitute for love, Titian preserved the gentle recollection of Amicia, enshrined within his heart, and cherished—as "the bright particular star" which cheers the mariner on his lonely watch, as the ship glides through the world of waters, a connecting link between distant countries and separated minds!

CHAPTER XI.

DISCLOSURES.

Behold!
The limned features of my lady-love.
How beautiful! how bright! The dark blue eyes
Beam like twin stars of sapphire, on the verge
Of a white cloud, the herald of Aurora;
—Fit emblem of thy forehead:—and the rose
Of virgin blood seems flashing in thy cheek,
Almost to Nature's starting;—and the lips,
Like a cleft ruby gemmed with ocean-pearl,
Seem breathing balm:—the sighing, swelling breast
Heaves like the sea of Love. Adown thy neck
The clustering tendrils of the lovely vine,
In wreathy dalliance, revel—softly kissed,
In sportive rapture, by the winds of Heaven.

ROBERT HAMILTON.

It happened, a short time after—that is about two years after Titian had first seen

Amicia—that the Palace of the Curia, or Court of Justice, at Vicenza, which had been rebuilding, was completed. The magistrates, undetermined whom they should employ to execute the fresco-painting of the great gallery in that structure, consulted with Count Petigliano, upon whose judgment they had long been accustomed to rely, in affairs of importance, and which, as one that had necessarily seen much of Art in different parts of Italy, they considered competent to guide their taste in this. He informed them, of what his own eyes had been the witnesses, of the extraordinary merit which Tiziano Vecelli had displayed in the Fondaca di Tedeschi, at Venice—assured them that no Painter could better execute their behests—and that the Seigniory, who had particularly honoured him, because of his worth, at a recent occasion, would highly approve of his enriching by his glorious Art, a city which they esteemed as inferior to none, beneath their sway, on Terra Firma.

These representations had such weight with the Vicentine Magnates that they despatched two of their body to visit Titian, in Venice. The result of their interview with him was a conviction, that by none other should their city be adorned. They invited him, therefore, to paint the judgment of Solomon, in the great gallery of their new Court of Justice, and Titian had no difficulty in obtaining permission from the Seigniory to postpone the completion of several paintings he was then executing for the State. He promised, accordingly, to proceed to Vicenza without delay.

His acceptance of their invitation gave great gratification to the people of Vicenza—from the highest noble to the lowliest artisan. It caused feelings in another quarter—of which it would be difficult to decide whether pleasure or the contrary were the greater mover. When Count Petigliano informed his daughter that Titian had been applied to and was immediately to arrive at Vicenza, the maiden rose

from the seat upon which she had been reclining, gently kissed his forehead, and said, "I am happy, my father, that you have been the means of bringing that great Painter hither—happy, for the sake of Venice, which is justly proud of him—for the sake of our dear Vicenza, which his pencil will so greatly enrich—and for the sake of Art, which has no worthier follower." And then, returning to her seat, and blushing with confusion at the earnestness of her words, she relapsed into thoughtful silence, while the Count, wondering at the interest she had exhibited, knew not how to account for it. Suspicion had never entered into his mind that his daughter knew any thing of Titian, except by rumour.

The Painter arrived at Vicenza. He immediately commenced his undertaking, throwing his utmost skill into the design, executing it with that rapidity which is essential to fresco-work, and blending, with an unity and spirit which even he had never surpassed, force of expression with truthful brilliancy of colour-

ing and exquisite softness of the *chiar'oscuro*, He soon became satisfied that this would be a *chef-d'œuvre* in fresco-painting—and so, in after years, was it esteemed.

At the hours when he was not thus occupied it might have been expected that Titian would have availed himself of the Vicentine hospitality, and accepted some of the many invitations which the Nobles were happy to give to so celebrated a stranger. But he speedily intimated that he did not desire to enter society, however agreeable or elevated, in that city, and he carried this disrelish so far as even to decline the visits of the Magnates while he was painting, alleging that he wished his work to be seen only when complete, as the effect would be diminished by the stages of its progress being observed. The only exception to this general rule of exclusion, was in the person of Count Petigliano—because Titian understood, that to his recommendation he was indebted for the invitation to Vicenza.

The Count expressed himself gratified at

being the exception, and the visits he paid Titian, by virtue of this privilege, soon led to an intimacy between them. The bodily ailments of the Count, although not so heavy as to confine him to the couch of sickness, made serious occupation very wearisome, and he felt the hours glide pleasantly along, while watching the progress of the painting. He held discourse with Titian upon divers subjects, which, as he had read much, had been a prominent actor in many important affairs, and had visited distant countries, interested, without interrupting the Painter.

But the Count was much surprised at observing that, in this painting of the Judgment of Solomon, a prominent place in the foreground was reserved, on which only the mere outline of a figure was traced. On referring to the small coloured design from which the larger painting was drawn, he noticed that there, also, the figure was only sketched in, in outline. He inquired "how it was that in such a central part of the composition, while

every other portion was elaborately executed, there was one space upon which no figure was yet limned?"

Titian replied, that he had reserved that space for a female figure, upon which he purposed to expend his utmost skill. "And, in truth," he added, with a sigh, "eye has never seen, nor fancy formed, a being more lovely than her, whose features I shall there attempt to represent;—dim and faint must the reflection be, for never, unless I could fix the perfection of grace and beauty upon a mirror, can I hope to see the exact representation of that, which, with the best skill in my power, I shall here attempt to shew."

"Then, you mean here to exhibit the embodiment of your imagination of Womanly beauty?"

"That, I did not say. What I have seen I shall paint. Not from Imagination, but Memory, shall I draw that perfection of loveliness."

Further inquiry the Count did not think it

right to make, at that time, so here the conversation dropped.

The pressure of sudden and important business suspended, for a few days, Count Petigliano's visits to Titian. When he again entered the Gallery, he saw that the painting was almost finished. All was beautiful—for Genius had informed the whole with Truth. The exceeding excellence of the painting might have excited the admiration, and won the eulogy of the Count, if his attention were not exclusively and wonderingly attracted by the female figure which Titian had supplied during his absence. In that form of grace—in those features of loveliness, he instantly recognised the perfect resemblance of his own beloved daughter, Amicia di Orsino!

Titian entered while the Count, like one wonder-smitten, was gazing upon that face. The usual courtesies of salutation had no sooner been exchanged, than the Count said, "I see, Signore Tiziano, that you have indeed, fulfilled your intention, and, among the females

around the throne of King Solomon, depicted one whose beauty eclipses all the rest."

"Yes," exclaimed Titian, "it *is* beautiful—because it is true. Let me assure your Excellency that so far from flattering, I have fallen far short of the loveliness of the original."

"Then it is a portrait?"

"It is. Here is the sketch from which I drew it." And the Painter produced, from among a number of other studies, that small portrait of Amicia which he had executed, as a secret labour of love, upon the day after he had first seen her.

Convinced that, both in the picture and the sketch, he saw the likeness of his own daughter, though he marvelled much how Titian could have taken it, the Count thought it best not, at the moment, to inform him of it. He therefore smiled, and said that it was a face so beautiful that Poet as well as Painter, might be smitten with it. "May I inquire," he added "what fair Venetian dame has sate to you for this?"

"Her name I know not—may never know."

"I make the inquiry," said the Count, "not from any idle curiosity, but because I think I know a maiden who much resembles this portrait."

"If you do," replied the Painter, eagerly, "I shall tell your Excellency in what manner I saw the fair original of that portrait." He then informed the Count how two ladies, evidently of rank, had visited him—how, concealing their names and station, they had bound him not to inquire into either—how he had been occupied for some time upon the portrait of the younger and more beautiful—how, in order to prolong the gratification of seeing and conversing with her, he had delayed the portrait on the easel, long after he had completed it—how the charms, the modesty, and the intellect of that bright lady had won his warmest love—how he believed himself not quite indifferent to her—how he had been suddenly called from Venice on the very day when he had hoped to win the acknowledgment that she

returned his love—how he had never seen her since, and how, very recently, he had received intimation that, wherever she was, she had not forgotten him.

"Have you not wondered, Sir Painter, at the boldness of two ladies in visiting one whom they had not known, save by repute?"

"They did, Sir Count, from ignorance of the world, what many a Venetian dame has done for the gratification of worse than curiosity. I would pledge my faith—my life—upon the purity of these maidens."

"Permit me," said the Count, "to see the turquois ring which one of these ladies gave you on the day you first saw her?"

Titian produced it, and the Count immediately recognised it as a gift from himself to his daughter years before.

If any doubt—even the slightest—could have lingered, it was dispersed, when the Count saw the *gage d'amour*, which, as we have already related, Titian had received, a few months before, at Venice.

"I think that I know the lady—know her to be pure in thought and act, as you aver. I suspect that the passion you bear her is returned. For time, place, and circumstances agree—besides, here I behold the actual image of her beauty, and I know, without apparent cause, her health and spirits have declined since she quitted Venice. I may even bring the lady here, to-morrow, if you will allow me—to view the painting, and you can then judge whether she be the same. You would learn who she is; as she has not absolved you from your pledge not to inquire, methinks the knowledge you would seek may best be obtained from herself."

"But one question—is she yet unwedded?"

"Yes, Signore. I suspect, as I have said, that you are not indifferent to her. But I would become questioner, in turn, and say, what if this maiden be of lowly birth, of humble station, would you not reject her then? Honour and wealth are now rapidly flowing in upon you, and may eventually elevate you to

the rank of nobility—for Venice recognizes eminent merit as the qualification for enrolment in her Golden Book. Think, then, whether you would choose your mate out of the lowly station that I name."

"It is the perfect Woman that I love. The distinctions of worldly rank are as feathers in the balance when weighed against the strong affections which I have borne and bear. Were the maiden highest in the land, I could not love her more:—were she the lowliest, I would not love her less. It was the pure heart, and the cultivated mind, and the radiant beauty, that won me, and I asked not then, as I ask not now, whether the blood that courses through her veins be noble. For myself—so little do I value the honours that are not won by desert, that if my name ever be a distinguished one, it must be as Tiziano Vecelli, the Painter of Venice, and not as a descendant of the Counts di Vecelli, of Cadore."

"I did not know," said Count Petigliano, to whom noble ancestry certainly was a re-

commendation, "that your birth was noble?"

Titian explained the right of his family to the rank of nobles of Venice, one of their ancestors having had his name inscribed in the *Libro d'Oro*, as a Noble of the War of Genoa.

"This," said the Count, "removes an impediment which the lady's family might have raised to her alliance with a Painter, even eminent as you are. I think, however, that, if her affections be as deeply involved as I suspect they are, *that* would not make any essential difference. And now, Signore, I remember that you told me of a certain letter which the lady received from you—think yru that she could recognize your hand-writing? We shall try. They speak of you as a poet—write me down one of the strains, which, doubtless, you have penned in honour of the lady's charms."

The sonnet was speedily transcribed and handed to the Count, who perused it and declared himself fully satisfied with it.

"This," said he, "pleases me well. I shall

not shew it to the lady until to-morrow, but recommend—as they tell me you can sing as well as write poetry—that a certain cavalier, with his lute, take his place to-night at the third hour after sunset, under the central window of the left wing of my palazzo. Any light and cheerful lay may give pleasure to a certain dame. For the present, farewell, I meet you here, at noon to-morrow."

Returning home, the Count informed his daughter that, on the following morning, he should accompany her to see Titian's paintings, before they were exhibited to public view. She would have declined, from a fear of meeting the Painter—for, knowing well how proud her father was, she was confident that he would be greatly angered if he knew how they had become acquainted. But the Count used such kind and pressing urgency of request, that she found refusal impossible. At the same time, he spoke so long and warmly in praise of Titian, that her heart beat with delight to which it had long been a stranger. Something

like hope was raised, she knew not why, as he kissed her pale cheek and whispered, "Soft dreams to thee, dearest child, and refreshing slumbers—for I *must* have thee look well and happy to-morrow."

Rochefoucault has said with much point—"L'absence diminue les médiocres passions et augmente les grandes; comme le vent éteint les bougies, et illume le feu." To Amicia, as well as to her lover, absence had proved a strengthener of affection. They were very differently affected on the eve of this meeting. Titian had the happy promise of again meeting the lady of his love, and almost an assurance that his passion was returned; while Amicia, despite an unconscious hope of something happy, was anxious as to the manner in which her father would receive the knowledge of her previous acquaintance with the Painter. Her strongest safety, she thought, lay in the chance of his absence when they visited the Curia.

At the third hour after sunset, Titian took

his place beneath the window which the Count had mentioned, and duly serenaded her, whom, from what he had heard, he believed to be "the lady of his love." Most of the strains which he sung have long since glided out of memory, but one was particularly noted by Amicia whom, indeed, it had attracted to listen, and was often sung by her in after years. Therefore, we are enabled to present a version of the words, which, we hope, does not wholly render injustice to the peculiar character of the canzonet, the music of which appeared an alternation of light and melancholy expression.

THE SERENADE.

Love's a young reveller,
  Wiling and wandering,
Marriage a sober dame
  Pouting and pondering.
One we make welcome
  As May's gentle weather—
Hard words and frowns are all
  We give the other!

One rushes on, like
  A flood from the mountain,

The other is calm,
  As a fathomless fountain.
Both love the shadows
  Of glad hours departed;
One *seems* all heart,
  But the other *is* hearted.

Fervid is Love, as
  The Sun in his brightness;
Marriage seems cold
  As the Moon in her whiteness.
One is all radiance—
  A heart-beam of gladness:
The joys of the other
  Are chastened by sadness.

Link them together!
  Make both of them ours,
Chained with soft garlands
  Of Amaranth flowers!
Twine wreathes around them,
  Wherever they move,
'Till Love join with Marriage,
  And Marriage with Love!

CHAPTER XII.

THE DENOUEMENT.

O, to be cherished for oneself alone!
To owe the love that cleaves to us to nought
Which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes!
To know that while we wear the heart and mind,
Feature and form, high Heaven endowed us with,
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
We shall be loved!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

FLEETLY passed the hours the next morning. While awaiting the Count's entrance, Amicia's thoughts sadly reverted to Titian—to the happy moments she had passed in his society—to the pleasant conversation that had often taken place between them—to the marvellous skill with which he wielded the pencil—

to the pathetic stories which he had told her—to the confession which he had almost breathed—to the letter which she had received from him—and, above all, to the obstacles which appeared to intervene between happiness and herself. Taking up her lute, which had been greatly her solace of late, she sung the following words to a sweet and plaintive air:—

OH, WHEN I VAINLY ASK MY PRIDE.

Oh, when I vainly ask my Pride,
  In struggle with my Will,
And cast all ties of heart aside
  That bind me to thee still;
Some long-lost image comes again,
  To cheat me into tears—
Like echo of some happy strain,
  I loved in other years!

And why should Memory thus live on,
  When Hope has left the shrine,
And bring back once glad moments gone
  When joyful thoughts were mine?
This foolish heart, howe'er o'ercast,
  Clings to its former truth,
And lingers o'er the buried Past,
  With all the glow of youth.

"'Tis a strain somewhat of the saddest, my fair child," said the Count, who had been an unobserved auditor. "Would that it were more mirthful! Thy cheek is pale, Amicia—would that we could renew its bloom. Thou art grown Woman now—would that we could wed thee. The nobles of Vicenza complain, lady-bird, of thy coldness. Thou art too much alone—with lute, books and pencil. Better than song, or tale, or painting would be companionship with one who loves thee. We must get thee a mate, my child. Pass a brief time, and these white hairs will be sunk low; who, when I am gone, can love and cherish thee like a husband?—No! trust me that I shall see thee wedded ere I die."

"Speak not of death, my father. Many years of life are yet in store—"

"For thee, love, but not for me.—But we shall talk of this no more. I would hear thy sweet voice again, but not in any saddening strain. There was an old song which thou wert used to sing at Venice—"

"Is it, Leonor, my father? But the words would better come from the lips of a cavalier."

"That is the song."

She then complied with his request and sang as follows:

As the violet loveth the welcome shade,
  As the mariner loveth the sea—
As the peasant-boy loveth his native glade
  Where his bounding step is free—
As the nightingale loveth the lonely flower,
  Which blooms by the rippling rill—
As the maiden loveth the moonlight hour
  When music hails her still;
So is my spirit's love for thine,
  As it never would part more,
And deems that thou art half-divine,
  Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!

But the mariner finds an ocean grave,
  And the violet blooms to die—
And the peasant sinks into the slave
  Beneath a tyrant's eye—
And withers the rose by the rippling stream—
  And the bird's sweet strain grows dull—
And a cloud flits over the moon's pale beam
  For the loss of the Beautiful.

And so, fair spirit, thoughts of thee
In care and grief flow o'er,
When lingers the bright, the glad, the free,
Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!

"Ah, my Amicia, thy voice ever charms me, whether in singing, or speaking, or reading. For thy song, let me give thee one. Thou well mayst smile, but 'tis one that thou may'st read. My old eyes grow dim, and the writing is so small that it tires them. See, Amicia, whether thou canst read these lines."

She took the scroll—she recognized Titian's writing—she felt her father's eye upon her, and therefore, conquering her emotion, by a strong effort, compelled herself to read the lay aloud, even as he desired.

"Something too florid—but fervid. I warrant it, Amicia, that the lady of whom the Painter writ, would be glad to read that sonnet—aye, would think it beautiful as if Petrarca had writ it! That writing—hast ever seen it

before?—that writing is Titian's. Those lines he has addressed to the portrait of his mistress; that portrait thou shalt see presently. Come now—I think thou hast a love of Art. Titian I know well—worthier lives not in Italy. With his pencil, his pen, his lute, he can do wonders. He can paint the portrait of his mistress—he can write poetry about her—and he can sing it too. 'Tis pity, my Amicia, that he knows not thee, else we should hear him, in the stilly night, pouring his soul into a serenade beneath thy window. Come—we shall be late, else."

Accordingly, the Count and his daughter went to the Palace of the Curia. None but themselves entered the gallery. It was a great relief to Amicia's mind to have the Painter absent. When she gazed upon that picture on the wall, her frame shook with emotion as she there perceived the resemblance of herself. It was a sad, sweet pleasure thus to learn how she had been remembered. As she looked

upon the picture, silently, she marvelled whether her father could have observed the strong resemblance between the face of the principal figure and her own. She dared not turn her eyes upon her father, from fear that he should observe the likeness. He, who had been steadfastly regarding her, was now assured, by the emotion she betrayed, that she loved the Painter. Of the fact of her being the person whom Titian had met, he doubted not, from the moment he saw her likeness and heard his story.

He turned to her and asked, "Know you this Titian, that he here has drawn what might be taken for your portrait? The features and the expression are peculiar, and are the same. Could he have ever seen you? I ask, because it is so strong a resemblance that I can scarcely think it accidental."

Before, in her confusion, Amicia could reply, the door opened, and a Cavalier entered. The Count laughingly said, "Here is one who,

perhaps, can answer me, as you will not." As she turned to look at him of whom the Count spoke, his eye met hers—she knew that Titian was before her!

She would have sunk to the ground beneath the overwhelming agitation of this surprise, if Titian's arms had not received her. Even then, she swooned within them, and when she recovered, her father took her hand, and affectionately said, "My child, there is no need of explanation. I know all. Signor Tiziano, if my daughter loves you, as I think she does, I approve that love. I now see why she has hitherto refused to wed—perhaps you may persuade her better than her suitors or myself could. Take her; nay, Amicia, not so coy! I have read thy heart but badly if it has not been given, long ago, where I now bestow thy hand."

Thus sanctioned, Amicia confessed, with a blushing ingenuousness which made her appear a thousand times lovelier than ever,

in her lover's eyes, that he was any thing but indifferent to her.

> Her looks the rapturous truth avow,
> Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now!
> She flies not, frowns not, though he pleads his cause,
> Nor yet—nor yet her hand from his withdraws;
> But by some secret Power surprised, subdued,
> (Ah how resist? And would she if she could?)
> Falls on his neck as half unconscious where,
> Glad to conceal her tears, her blushes there!

Much—oh much had they to say to each other. There was mutual acknowledgment and trustful hope between them. Care had but tried and strengthened their mutual passion, and in that rapturous hour of sweet discourse, they were repaid for all the doubt and anxiety which had grieved them when asunder.

But the Count?—in truth, he had retired, while the lovers were thus conversing, for he knew — what holds good in all climes and times—that though two may be good company, three are not, in such peculiar cases! Now he was aware that Tiziano Vecelli was of a noble

family, he was spared the annoyance of giving his daughter's hand to one of low descent; yet declared that as her happiness was now his sole desire, he should have been content—as she loved him—to receive him as his son-in-law, had he even been a shepherd's son, like Giotto. Finding that his own days were drawing to a close more rapidly than was suspected by others, his chief anxiety was to see his daughter happily wedded, without delay.

The sanction of the Seigniory was readily obtained, and, at the same time, still further to render honour to the merits of Titian, letters notifying that sanction, were despatched to Vicenza—Signore Barberigo, at his own request, conveying them thither, accompanied by Francesco Vecelli.

They found Titian happy in the prospect of immediate marriage with the only woman who had touched his heart. So highly pleased was the Count Petigliano with his future son-in-law, who became better known to him in their new relations, that it would be difficult to say whether he was a greater favourite with the father

or the daughter. Relieved from the care which had long pressed heavily on the spirit of that affectionate maiden, her loveliness became brighter than before — for happiness is the magical may-dew of the heart—and joy spoke in each glance of hers. A few days had sufficed to restore the bloom to that delicate cheek, and to bathe her soul in those beams of sunny Hope which hallow where they fall—for a holy thing is Joy, the innocent and pure, when it deposes Sorrow, and waves its own bright sceptre upon all around.

This is the place, perhaps, to record in what terms Titian wooed and how he won the maiden—how she shewed him what progress she had made in his own Art, her teacher being Love—how she confessed in what manner she had sent him the remembrance which had re-awakened Hope within his sinking soul — how constantly she had rejoiced to hear of his various successes—and, in short, in what manner the Painter and his beloved passed the hours which elapsed between the

discovery-scene in the Curia, and the more solemn celebration at the altar. But something must be left to the reader's imagination. Sufficient is it to say that, in January, 1510, the marriage took place, privately, at the Castle of Lonigo in the Vicentine.

That true and tried friend, Barberigo, was present; and, as a marriage-gift, presented Titian with an instrument, conveying to him, during his lifetime, the right to occupy the Barberigo palace, on the Grand Canal. "It would never answer, my friend," said he, "to take your bride to your dwelling by the Arsenal. Besides, you will require a large house now, suited to your fortunes." Accordingly, at a later date, Titian took up his abode in the Casa Barberigo, where he continued until he died; but the humbler dwelling by the Arsenal, where she first had seen him, was so endeared to Amicia by association, that, while she lived, he ever resided in it.

Such an union as theirs, in which—after delays, and doubts, and trials, and endurance—

the lovers, at last, found the reward of mutual affection, could scarcely fail to be a happy one. It seemed as if Nature had made Amicia and Titian for each other, so exquisite was the perfection of their happiness. Compensating, indeed, was the reward which they now received, as an atonement for former suffering. Faithful and tender—true and trustful—were they in their wedded life, and surely a brighter fate than this could not have been desired for them.

Shortly after their marriage, Count Petigliano died. He was gratified, before his daughter's nuptials, by a visit from his niece, Beatrice. When her husband, Agrippa, had escaped from Venice, as already described, the Emperor Maximilian sent him upon a mission to Spain, and, at this time, he permitted Beatrice to visit her uncle, during his own absence in England, where his Imperial master had committed the execution of important diplomatic affairs to his singular and varied ability—for the Scholar, shrewd, sagacious and trustworthy, had, in a manner been forced into

active commerce with the world, contrary to his own expectation and desire.

The last moments of the Count were cheered by the presence and affection of Amicia, Beatrice, and Titian. His latest words were of thankfulness for seeing his daughter happy with a husband whose nobility had been directly derived from the Highest. Thus died Nicolo di Orsino, Count Petigliano. In memory of the many and important services he had rendered Venice, the Seigniory had an equestrian statue of him erected in the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paulo; but, in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, was the best memorial of his worth.

Of the other personages named in this story, further mention is not necessary—with the exception of Cornelius Agrippa. On returning from his embassy to England, he served in the wars of Italy with so much distinction, that the Emperor created him Knight Banneret on the field. The remainder of his life alternated between Courts, Colleges, and Prisons. By his

published works, he appears to have run through the circle of the Sciences. He obtained the doubtful reputation of a Magician—seemed constantly on the eve of obtaining distinction and fortune, and was constantly disappointed—was perpetually waging war against abuses of all kinds, and met with the persecutions that reformers usually receive—and is said to have died at an hospital in Grenoble, before he had reached the age of fifty. Few men ever commenced life more brilliantly or concluded it more ignobly.

This tale of Titian's youth is ended. Having traced his progress from obscurity to fame, and fairly moored him in the haven of wedded love, we may now let fall the curtain. The splendid and continuous success which attended him to the close of a life which touched upon a Century requires no further illustration from Romance—although in what we have written Truth has generally taken place of Fiction. Some men in their lives fulfil and illustrate the very inventions of Imagination, and Titian was one of

these. All that Genius could perform or Honour bestow were his—his domestic life was equally fortunate and tranquil, the only clouds which settled over it being the loss of his Amicia ere Time had touched her loveliness with decay, and the melancholy fate, at a later period, of their only daughter, just when it appeared as if Happiness and she were about being joined; but, in this world, some sorrows visit even the most fortunate. From the occurrence of these, which gloomed his home-enjoyments, Titian was observed to dedicate himself, more unremittingly, even than before, to his Art—and, almost to the latest day of his life, his pencil was busy and successful in perpetuating the Beautiful.

We might trace his progress beyond the epoch we have chosen to illustrate, and tell how the friendship of the wise and great was his—how Venice, considering him as peculiarly his own, delighted to heap honours upon him—how Princes contended for the distinction of being painted by him — how the Emperor

Charles the Fifth, in acknowledgement of his genius, created him Knight of the Order of Santiago, (a distinction usually limited to the highest nobles of Spain), and made him Count Palatine of the Empire—how his Manhood and his Age presented a succession of great triumphs—and how his length of life was in itself a Victory over Time. But such details would lead us into Biography rather than Romance.

Our design has been executed: it was to illustrate the early struggles and triumphs of him whom Coleridge has truly called,

> That divine old man,
> Courted by mightiest Kings, the famous Titian!
> Who, by a secret and more lovely Nature,
> By the sweet mystery of lines and colours,
> Changed the blank canvass to a Magic mirror,
> That made the Absent present, and to Shadow,
> Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought, and motion.

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

"You admire that picture, Giulio?" said Tiziano Vecelli, of Venice, to his favourite pupil Giulio Mantoni.

"*Si, Si, Signore!* but whose portrait is it? when was it painted? and where has it been until now?"

"You do not ask *who* painted it. Hast no curiosity—hast no wish to learn this?"

"Curiosity enough, as none can know better than yourself, Signore Tiziano, to prove my descent from Eve, whose failing, that way, lost Paradise to Adam. But I need not ask who painted this, for there is only one who can paint *thus*. There is but one pencil which can

blend such beautiful colouring with such free drawing. When Il Maestro would have his paintings unrecognised, he must even hang them with their faces to the wall!"

"Flattery, my Giulio—rank flattery! Nay, I believe you mean what you say. As to this portrait—"

"Then it *is* a portrait? Was I not right to say it was a portrait? Who could see it and not discern, by the character of those features, that it is one? Tell me, Signore Tiziano, whose likeness it is?"

"Are you very anxious to know?"

"Indeed I am. Methinks that I already know the original."

"Indeed! Hast seen her, then?"

"Never; but the features are not the features of one all unknown to me. Tell me, Signore, whose this portrait is."

"As thou art so anxious to know, my Giulio, and often hast played a trick upon thy master, I shall *not* tell you. Look grave, if you will, but I shall not tell you *now*. Call my gondo-

lieri: the day is pleasant, out of doors, although sultry within, and I shall woo the breeze from the Adriatic ere it comes across the canals. *Addio*, *Addio*."

The Painter went on his way, across the Lagune, and smiled as one smiles at a pleasant thought or a fortunate speculation. His musings were happy musings, and as he reclined within the pavilion of his gondola, they found low utterance thus;

"He is a good youth and has a proper regard for Art; he is studious, too; gentle in manner, affectionate, and with a warm heart. My Cornelia is a tender dove, and I should well like her to find a shelter in his breast. Every time I see her she appears more like her dear mother. Methinks my lost Amicia would rejoice, even in the spirit-land she now inhabits, to see her happily wedded to Giulio Mantoni. How he gazed upon the portrait! If he admire the original only half as much, the train will speedily be in flames. He *is* a goodly youth."—With such thoughts, in which were blended

memory and hope, did Titian take council in his brief and pleasant voyage from the Guidecca to the Lido.

Meanwhile, his pupil employed himself in looking at the portrait more minutely than he hitherto had an opportunity of doing. This renewed and closer examination confirmed his original opinion of its excellence, not alone as a work of Art, but as representing a character of feminine beauty different from, yet more attractive than, any he had yet seen in Venice. It was the portrait of a lovely girl, just in the prime of youth, bearing aloft in her hands a massive and quaintly embellished casket, and pausing, as it seemed, in her onward passage, to cast a smile upon the beholder—such a smile as breaks, like sudden sunshine, and haunts the recollection, at intervals, through long years. The face was one of exquisite beauty, but the *naive* and natural expression, the hearted joyousness, the guileless trustfulness, the eloquence of aspect, formed an intellectual loveliness which very rarely accompanies surpassing

beauty of features.* For—though to say so be treason against the sovereignty of that sex whom we generalize as "fair"—the perfections of personal and mental beauty are seldom combined. But, if that portrait spoke truly, they had met *there*, and in sweet harmony was that combination—the realization, indeed of what Sir Thomas Broune indicated when he said, "There is a music even in Beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, is far sweeter than the sound of an instrument."

The young artist admired the picture for some time, and then fell into a meditative humour—a thing unusual for him; for though he was a Spaniard, he was a youth of quick imagination and lively temperament, and persons of that class are not wont to anticipate the contemplative thoughts which, they believe, belong to the maturer season of experience and

* Perhaps, in this description the reader may recognise, the celebrated painting, so many copies of which have been multiplied through the *burin* of the engraver, well known by the title of "Titian's Daughter."

world-tried Manhood. The youth thought—and thought—and thought, until, when Titian returned, he found his pupil seated, where he had left him, opposite the portrait, with his pencil in his hand, and his head drooping forward—even as, in his mood of poetic thought, I have seen that of Wordsworth, the great master of the lyre. Titian came near — but Giulio did not stir; nearer yet—and Giulio was breathing heavily; close to him—and Giulio remained motionless; touched his shoulder—and the youth upstarted. He had fallen asleep before the portrait!

A most unlover-like accident! But a *siesta* is a treasure to the Spaniard—and the day was sultry—and to be alone was wearisome—and (if the truth *must* be told) Giulio, who had all a Painter's eye for beauty, had been up half the preceding night, serenading a beautiful *donna*, whose bright eyes had challenged him, as he had one day passed beneath the windows of her father's palace.

Giulio Mantoni had been Titian's pupil for

some six months previous to this incident of the portrait and the slumber. He had come to him without any introduction, simply declaring his name, and proffering a liberal sum for instruction in an art which Titian had completely mastered. After a time, his love for that art, his gentle manners, and his rapid progress at the easel had so far won upon Titian—then a lone and widowed man—as to make that great painter solicit Giulio to reside with him. Titian was a solitary indeed, for his eldest son, Pomponio, was away at his canonry near Rome; his other son, Horatio, was a wild youth, who had left Venice for Cyprus, in the suite of the Admiral; and his daughter, Cornelia Vecelli, was in a convent in the Friuli, of which one of his own relatives was lady-principal. Giulio Mantoni had accepted the invitation, and, for three months preceding the day upon which this slight tale commences, had been to Titian affectionate, kind, and dutiful as a son. He was so skilful with his pencil, too, that Titian was reminded, by his ability

and enthusiasm, of what his own had been, about the same age, some thirty years before.

Some days passed on, and the portrait still remained in Titian's studio. Giulio often looked at it, but never spoke of it, and Titian did not err when he thought there was meaning in this silence.

The grand festival day of Venice was at hand. This was Ascension-Thursday, on which the Doge annually wedded the Adriatic. At this celebration, so flattering to the national pride, Venice was wont to send out most of her population, and at such a time—when they could see and be seen—her fairest daughters religiously made it a point to be present.

During the short voyage of the Doge from the Ducal Palace out into the Adriatic, not only the *nobilissimi* and the state officials were present, in the Bucentaur, but many noble ladies, as well as citizens of worth. At all times, the Doge was happy to see by his side, Tiziano Vecelli, whose pencil could confer as much immortality as any thing of earth can make,

and whose genius reflected more honour upon Venice, than Venice, in all her glory, could bestow upon him.

Giulio Mantoni, with others of his age, followed in the wake of this gorgeous sea-procession: for it was a scene well worthy the best attention of an artist's mind and eye. The Bucentaur swept on, with slow and stately motion, beneath the measured strokes of her forty rowers, and Giulio's light gondola came near it, within full view of the gallant company beneath its gorgeous canopy. To Giulio's amazement, Titian had by his side a young lady, and, when she turned her face for a moment, he saw, with delight, the fair original of the portrait.

The ceremonial so often described, we need not describe again. The pageant ended, Giulio speeded home. He found the great painter at his easel, busied, as usual, on some work for immortality. They held various discourse, but Titian made no mention of the young Signora, whom Giulio had just one glance at. His patience was exhausted, at length—for Giulio

was ardent and enthusiastic—and he mentioned that he had seen Titian on the deck of the Bucentaur. This, though it challenged an allusion to the lady, drew no remark from Titian, and then, after some hesitation, Giulio ventured to say that he thought the lady whom he had that day seen, much resembled the portrait, which he had admired from the moment it first met his view.

"Admire it, Signore Giulio Mantoni? Fall asleep before it, in actual excess of admiration! Well, well, you need not blush. It is my daughter Cornelia, whom you shall meet anon. But, Signore, should you admire her, or if, should you not, would it not be well to take your *siesta* ere you meet her? Women, as you know, do not fancy cavalieri who are drowsy—nay, I have not told her *that*. She saw you, Giulio, and inquired who you were. I told her, but not that you fell asleep before her portrait! Now let us within. You will like my gentle Cornelia. She reminds me, Giulio, of what her fair and loving mother was."

And Giulio *did* very much like Cornelia Vecelli, who, in turn, admired the manly beauty and courteous dignity of the young Spaniard. Admired?—alas, *that* is a word all too weak. Woman scarcely knows a medium, in her intercourse with our sex, between cold indifference and warmest love. Long before she knew it, Cornelia was deeply attached to Giulio Mantoni. Her father saw this, but did not check it; he already loved his favourite pupil as a son, and cheerily anticipated that, in the natural course of time and circumstances, he might become so—with Cornelia's consent.

The beauty, the grace, and the innocence of Cornelia Vecelli did not fail, as her father calculated, to interest the feelings and to awaken the passion of Mantoni. These feelings and that passion, he endeavoured *not* to yield to; he essayed to treat the maiden merely as a sister, and almost believed that the kindness which, both in words and action, she manifested towards him, arose only from the natural sua-

vity of her manners. For true love is very humble!

The disparity in their relative circumstances was the reason why Giulio Mantoni was unwilling to surrender himself to the passion which had sprung within his heart. As the only daughter and favourite child of the great Titian, who was rich not only in genius but in the world's wealth, Cornelia would probably bring a large dowry to him who should obtain her hand—nay more, as a Count Palatine of the empire, (to which rank he had been raised by the Emperor Charles, his liberal patron and kind friend), Titian was fully entitled to expect that his daughter should wed with a Noble. Here, then, were two great impediments in the way of Giulio Mantoni—impediments which he did not think it possible he could overcome. Besides, trusted as he was by Titian; selected, from many pupils, to reside with him constantly, and cast into the daily society of Cornelia, he felt it a sort of breach of faith towards his great Master, to presume to look upon *her*

with any feeling stronger than that of friendly regard.

Giulio Mantoni, had he been a prince and a rich man, would have cast himself at the feet of Titian's daughter, but he was burthened with low birth and humble fortune; nor could he, let him indulge in aërial castle-building to the utmost, cherish the hope that even accident could render him a worthy suitor for her love. True, he might win fame and riches, in the fulness of time, but how could he expect that Cornelia Vecelli would await that distant and uncertain period? So, he had to be content with the daily presence of the maiden, and live on without the expectancy that he ever could dare to avow the love which, struggle with it as he might, was increasing in strength, even as its reward and return appeared more and more improbable.

The internal conflict which thus paled Mantoni's cheek, had not passed unnoticed by Titian. He had a warm regard for his pupil, partly because he knew him to be without any

relative in the world, partly on account of his excellent disposition and gentle manners, and partly because of his extraordinary skill and rich genius as a painter. It was precisely that he *might* become attached to Cornelia, that Titian had brought her home. He was pleased to observe that, though he spoke not of it, Giulio was passionately in love with her; and perhaps the maiden had already surmised, from certain looks and words of her father, that it would not be considered by him as an unpardonable sin if she were to think more kindly of Mantoni than of any other cavalier in Venice. In anything where the heart is concerned, a maiden is hawk-eyed at perceiving whatever may bear favourably upon the passing circumstances.

Honoured and enriched by his Art, no one cared less than Titian for rank and wealth. To have successfully prosecuted that glorious Art was sufficient passport to his favour, and thus it came to pass that—like Colantonio, of Naples, at an earlier epoch—Titian had re-

solved that whom his daughter wedded must be a Painter. Next to his Art, he loved his daughter, and gladdened himself with the idea that, if she wedded Giulio Mantoni, he should not lose her dear society—the solace of his life—but should have with him, while he lived, her constant companionship, as well as that of one who had already shewn a taste, an aptitude for painting, as well as the greatest skill in the art, from which the brightest results might be one day anticipated. Lookers-on proverbially see somewhat more of the game than the players themselves, and thus, Titian was able to perceive that his daughter and his pupil were getting into that heart-entanglement which was precisely what he desired, and would approve of.

As we have hinted, Cornelia more than suspected that Titian would be any thing but indignant, at her surrendering her heart to Giulio, if proper siege were laid to that citadel. Giulio, however, had not once ventured to imagine that the lady's kindness, which he could not help perceiving, resulted from anything half so

warm as love. The time came when he was undeceived, and learned the true situation of affairs.

Three months had passed by, since the return of Cornelia to her father's dwelling. During that time, had grown up in the heart, a passion, deep as it was innocent, which did not fail to gladden, even while it disturbed her. Daily did she drink in great draughts of delight, for hope is the Hebe of mortality, ever pouring nectar from a golden vase! Then it was, that her father completed that picture of her, which first had caught Giulio Mantoni's fancy—a picture at which thousands have gazed, without knowing the adventures of its bright original.

Cornelia Vecelli and Giulio Mantoni sate together, in the first month of the rich autumn, with a delicious breeze sweeping up the Adriatic and fanning the curtains of the apartment, as if it were sporting through the sails of some rapid barque. It was mid-day, and all was calm in Venice, as in other cities at the hush of mid-night, for the heat of the noon kept

even the Gondolieri within doors. But the air was cool in the room in which Cornelia and Giulio were sitting, for the long blinds had been let down, admitting the breeze, and excluding the sunshine. Cornelia had been singing, and from the tenderness of her manner, not less than from the words of the barcarolle, did Giulio now first surmise, that her feelings towards him, were as warm as those which—oh, how secretly!—he had ventured to cherish as regarded her. This was the strain:

CORNELIA'S SONG.

Oh, sue not thou for Fortune's dower,
  With lordly pomp to gild thy fate;
Nor ask of haught Ambition's power,
  To crown thee with commanding state.
Seek not for Conquest to entwine
  Ensanguined laurels in thy hair;
But listen to this lay of mine,
  Its orison—its earnest prayer,
    Of "Love me, love me."

For if the noontide of thy heart,
  With bitter sorrow were o'ercast;
If Care had done its deadliest part,
  Till even Hope were of the past—

How gently, mid such gloom, would fall
A brightness, like Elysium's shine,
When Memory softly would recall—
When fond lips first were pressed to thine,
With "Love me, love me."

It was a simple melody; but, as the maiden sang it, a certain earnestness of expression in her tone and glance, struck a sudden consciousness into the heart of him who heard it. With a resolution, which at the moment, appeared irrepressible; a courage, which yet trembled at its own daring; he determined to be satisfied, then, whether what he noticed were fact or fancy.

He thus addressed the fair Cantatrice, "Lay aside your mandolin, Signora, for a moment, and let us talk. It is well that what a lady sings, need not be always taken as the expression of her sentiments; if it were, how might my own self-love imagine, that you were counselling me, not only to love, but to love you!"

She declined her head, in pretty confusion,

for the Cavalier was coming to the point at once. She instantly rallied, however, and, with the ready tact of her sex, warded the assault, by carrying the war into the enemy's country.

"Tell me, Giulio," said she, "how happens it, that to me, whom I know you regard as a sort of sister, you have never once spoken of the state of your heart? Believe me, that in such a case, you might have a worse adviser than a woman. It is impossible, that in Venice, the very centre of gallantry, such a cavalier as Giulio Mantoni should be heart-whole!"

"For my own part," she added, "my lot has been settled long ago. My father has determined that I shall wed none but a Painter, and I am even so lowly-minded, as not to be discontented with the doom. Have *you* any suspicion, Giulio, whom my father would choose for me?"

Poor Giulio! as a cat plays with a mouse, knowing her full power over the little animal, so does Woman coquette with a lover, even at

the very moment she is about putting him "out of pain." Cornelia was thus tantalizing Giulio with allusions, which alternately, made him despair and hope, and *he*—why, as is the custom in such cases, he knew not what to say, or think, or do.

At length, he hit upon an expedient for venturing the avowal of passion, which he had not the courage to make in words. The strangest thing in the world is it, that lovers, who, of all others, can benefit most by full and explicit explanations, do almost invariably contrive the most ingenious methods of *not* making them! People, who, in the ordinary relations of life, are remarkably straight-forward and concise, no sooner get in love, than they appear to lose common sense, and plunge on, from blunder to blunder, until little less than a miracle can put them on the straight line again. Very few, we suspect, would have had the presence of mind, which Giulio Mantoni was fortunately master of at this moment.

Drawing nearer to her—for in love, as well

as in war, there is nothing like putting on a bold front and coming to close quarters, he took one hand in his, and from the other gently took the feather-fan which it held. These fans, originally brought from the East, have descended even to our own time, and exhibit a small mirror in the centre, intended, no doubt, to especially remind the fair wearer—were it at all possible for her to forget it—of the rich beauty reflected there! It was of one of these fans, that Giulio now deprived Cornelia, holding it in his hand while they conversed.

"Perhaps it is not quite 'as a sort of sister,' as you say, that Giulio Mantoni regards the daughter of his master, Tiziano Vecelli. He is too humble to claim such an imaginary relationship: but, as a dear friend, who has honoured him with her regard, he will even speak as candidly to her, as she can desire. I have no counsel to solicit, fair Cornelia, upon matters in which the heart is interested, for, long ago, my affections have been worthily bestowed, and neither counsel nor dissuasion

of yours, could increase or diminish the regard that such beauty and worth have won."

This was a confession rather different from what Cornelia anticipated. A good general, however, displays strategy in retreat no less than in the attack.—"May I ask," said she, in a low voice, and a subdued manner, for the assurance of conquest had been destroyed.—"May I ask who is the lady so fortunate as thus to have won the regard of which you speak? She must be a miracle of beauty, youth, and wit, to have thus strongly engaged the sovereign affections of Signore Giulio Mantoni."

"She is even all that you describe her. Beauty, such as eyes has rarely glanced upon—youth, in its budding prime—wit, which dazzles rather than wounds, though it *can* sport with sharpest weapons—and innocence, pure as was Eve's when first she breathed and bloomed in Eden. But I have offended you, Signorina? Why withdraw your hand?"

"Not offended me, Signore. What care I,

think you, how fair be the object of your passion. You see I am not offended—why should I be?"

"Why, indeed! Signorina?"

"Yet I confess that I should like to see her. I am sure that your description exaggerates her merit."

Giulio answered that it did not—for he had attempted to describe Perfection. As the way into a lady's good graces never has been by praising a rival, this declaration by no means soothed or pleased Cornelia; she was silent for some minutes, until she felt that the pause in the conversation was growing awkward, and repeated, almost unconsciously, that she should like to see the maiden whom Mantoni had so passionately described.

"I can at least shew you her exact likeness," said Mantoni. "My only stipulation is that, if you approve the choice I have dared to make, you will tell me so. If you disapprove, I had rather learn it from your silence than your words."

As Cornelia consented, Giulio Mantoni then presented her with the fan which he had taken out of her hand a short time before, and gently placing it so that its little mirror should reflect her own features, whispered—"You see, Cornelia, whom I have dared to love." A sudden flush suffused her cheeks, brow, and neck, as she listened to this avowal, and then, in a whisper so much lower than his own that it would have been inaudible to any save one whose very heart was listening, said, "Giulio, I approve your choice!"

Need we detail what followed?—need we tell what happiness that whisper of hers gave to the love-stricken Giulio Mantoni?—need we indicate what a heavy load of doubt and care was, at that blissful moment, removed from both minds? Let all this, and much more, be imagined. For the purpose of our story, it will suffice to say, that the passion which was thus mutually partaken and avowed, met with no impediment from Titian. As we have seen, such a result was neither unexpected or unde-

sired by him, and gladly did he give his consent to the espousals of his beloved daughter, and his favourite pupil. The only stipulation which he made, to which the lovers most gladly gave assent, was that they should constantly reside with him.

About five miles from Venice, on the Lagune to the south-east of the city, are the islands of Mazorbo, Burano, and Torzello, which are reported to have once been rich in vegetation, but, for centuries past, have partaken of the general character of decay which appears to have visited most places in the Venetian Lagunes. To the most distant of these islands—namely, Torcello—did the bridal party resort to pass the day, previous to the performance of the sacred rites which were to unite two of them for life.

The company, which was small—consisting of Titian, Cornelia, Giulio Mantoni, two bridesmaidens, as many cavaliers in attendance on Giulio, and two or three other friends much esteemed by Titian—reached Torzello early in

the afternoon. After devoting some time to the examination of the very remarkable remains of the ancient cathedral in that island—the quaint sculptures of which blend the grotesqueness of Egyptian with the grace of Grecian carvings—they all partook of a repast in one of the fisher's lowly dwellings, where the want of state was more than compensated by the prevalence of that joy, whose spring is in the heart. The wine-cup pressed around in moderation, to the happiness of Cornelia and Giulio, and a few hours were thus passed, in as much innocent mirth, perhaps, as ever broke into smiles at such a time.

When they rose from table, Giulio and his ladye-love walked along, hand-in-hand, by the margin of the waters. At some distance, but within sight, is a little island called Il Deserto, which is close to the Lido of St. Erasmus, on which stands one of the forts—just opposite that of St. Nicholas—which guards the entrance of the port. Hither, in a sportive mode, Giulio proposed that they should row. Two of

his friends, as well as Cornelia's two bridesmaidens, willingly consented to the proposal, and, unmooring the barque which had brought them to Torzello, and declining to disturb the oarsmen, who were then drinking health to the company, the cavaliers themselves took the oars, and rowed their fair charges to Il Deserto. There they loitered, for about an hour, beneath the shadow of the leafy trees, and might longer have delayed, if Giulio had not more than hinted that the day was declining, and their return, first to Torzello and then to Venice, would be expedient and suitable.

Accordingly, the happy company prepared to return. The boat was unmoored—the oars were replaced—the two cavaliers took their seats, to row—and Giulio was handing his Cornelia into the boat, when, just as she had taken a forward spring for that purpose, the boat, by accident or awkwardness, was pushed from the strand, and the maiden was suddenly precipitated into the sea. Giulio immediately sprang

in to rescue her—but the water was deep, with a strong under-current, and the hapless maiden, after once rising to the surface, was swept on beyond all possibility of rescue. The body was not recovered until the next day, when it was found deposited in shallow water near the island of San-Elena.*

Words cannot describe the anguish which the maiden's father and lover felt at that sad catastrophe. Like the Greek painter who had to exhibit exquisite grief—let us throw a veil over the afflicted.

Very mournful was the return to Venice of that bereaved company, upon whom thus sadly closed a day, which had dawned with the brightest promise. Very great was the sympathy which the melancholy event excited in all minds; yet there was a difference of degree in that general commiseration—the aged lamented

* This description has been suggested by the remembrance of a sad scene, not far dissimilar, which the writer had the misfortune to behold, years ago, in another land.

with the unhappy father, while the deeper sympathy of the young was given to the lover who had thus lost the spirit-star of home and heart. The father's grief was loudest in its pliant, but the deep sorrow of the lover did not vent itself in wailing; concentrated in its agony, it swelled within the heart, and "refused to be comforted."

Long was the memory of Cornelia Vecelli's beauty and worth cherished, in that Venice of which she was one of the living ornaments, and general was the grief at her untimely fate. Twelve Venetian maidens bore the pall at her funeral, and this was the dirge they sang:—

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

Weep not her;—she hath passed, as the breeze
  Bringing freshness and balm over Araby's sea,
Which, filled with perfume from the rich incense-trees,
  Has in it the breath of Eternity.
Oh, the hearts that bewail her, should joy for her now,
  When her spirit its fetters of clay hath laid down,

And the beauty of holiness circles that brow
With a halo as bright as Beatitude's crown.
Weep not for her.

Rather rejoice;—for her flight to the skies,
In the noon of her beauty, her years, and her worth;
As the dew-gems of Morning to heaven arise,
All radiant with splendor, too lovely for earth.
Like a bright thought she came, and as fleetly departed;
A meteor of Hope will her glad presence be,
When, in dreams, she will point out to Earth's broken-thearted
Thy haven of love, Lord, and guide them to Thee.
Weep not for her.

Over the after-life of Giulio Montani a shadow rests. He continued to reside with Titian for some months, then suddenly disappeared from Venice. Pencils, pallet, and pigments which he had used in the prosecution of the beautiful Art he had so greatly mastered—every sketch and painting which he had made—he had destroyed before he quitted Venice, as if he were anxious to remove, at once and for ever, all evidence of the skill he had attained. Hence, the name of Giulio Mantoni, the favourite and most promising pupil that Titian

ever had, does not remain upon the list of those who shed honour upon the Venetian school. It seemed, as if, never having taken pencil in hand after the death of Cornelia, he considered that deprivation as putting a period to his career as a Painter. Many years after the occurrences which we have related, a rumour went abroad, from a traveller in the distant East, that Giulio Mantoni had been seen at Jerusalem, as a monk of the strictest order of the Carmelites, ministering before the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, in that city.

From the hour of Mantoni's departure, Titian may be said to have lived but for his Art:—it was wife, daughter, friend to him. He mingled in the world, it is true, but his spirit lost the elasticity which, before Cornelia's death, had so eminently distinguished him. Even when his face was lighted with smiles, memory sat sadly within his bosom. Honours, wealth, successes, continued to crown him, even to the close of a life unusually prolonged;

but the barb was within his heart, and caused many a bitter pang which the world never knew.

There is no more to relate. This is the whole story, so far it now is known, of TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

END.

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